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COMICS™

32

[ENEMY OF THE STATE]: chapter 1

S U P E R M A N
DOOMED

SUPERMAN™

ACTION

COMICS™

THE NEW 52!



GREG
PAK
SCOTT
KOLINS

DCCOMICS.COM

RATED T TEEN

AUG 2014

CADMIUS
WE MAKE YOU FEEL...
BETTER!

The new
Q-Pad5



available this
Fall from
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WORLD U.S. METROPOLIS BUSINESS OPINION SPORTS ARTS STYLE VIDEO

Daily Planet

June 4, 2014

MY TIME WITH SUPERDOOM

By Lois Lane

I was extremely lucky to be invited by Superman to an undisclosed location where he is being held in hopes that a means can be found to reverse this mutation. Even though the man we all care for is rapidly losing his identity, he still holds true to protecting everyone. The following is from our time speaking together.

Lois Lane: Are you okay?

Superman: I'd like to say "Yes." But I'm afraid that would be a lie. Lois, you should know the risks —

Lois Lane: I'm not afraid, Superman. I just want you to realize... whatever you're going through, I'm rooting for you.

Superman: Lois, I need you to do me a favor.

Lois Lane: Anything.

Superman: I need you... to get the truth out there. I... messed up. I made a mistake. I thought I could take out Doomsday, once and for all, but I realize now... I was wrong. For reasons I don't understand — yet — I'm... I'm becoming Doomsday. I didn't solve the problem, I only changed it.

Lois Lane: What are you saying? What do you want me to do?

Superman: I want you to tell



Photo by James Olsen

the world. To warn the people. I... can't be trusted. Not now. Maybe... never again.

Lois Lane: No one will believe that, Superman. I won't believe you can't get better.

Superman: Warn them. Can you do that for me, Lois?

Lois Lane: Yes, Superman. I can do that for you.

BIG BELLY BURGER

NOW OFFERING TURTLE
BOY TOYS WITH THEIR
KIDS' MEALS!



FERRIS AIR
We fly without fear.

The **METRO STEAK**
THE MEAL OF TOMORROW



S U P E R M A N

DOOMSDAY

[ENEMY OF THE STATE] chapter 1

“NIGHTMARE”

STORY

GREG PAK

ART

SCOTT KOLINS

COLORS

WIL QUINTANA

LETTERS

CARLOS M. MANGUAL

COVER

AARON KUDER AND WIL QUINTANA

BOMBSHELL VARIANT COVER

ANT LUCIA

ASSISTANT EDITOR

ANTHONY MARQUES

GROUP EDITOR

EDDIE BERGANZA

SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.
DOOMSDAY CREATED BY DAN JURGENS, BRETT BREEDING, JERRY ORDWAY, LOUISE SIMONSON AND ROGER STERN.



WHEN I WAS NINE,
I HAD NIGHTMARES
LIKE THIS.

I'D OPEN MY
EYES...

...AND SCREAM HELPLESSLY
AS MY PARENTS' HOUSE
EXPLODED INTO FLAME...

...AND EVERYTHING AND
EVERYONE IN SMALLVILLE
BURNED TO THE GROUND.

YESTERDAY, A MONSTER
CALLED DOOMSDAY
NEARLY DID THE SAME
THING IN REAL LIFE.

WHEREVER IT WALKED,
THE GROUND BURNED
AND DIED.

BUT I
STOPPED IT...

...BECAUSE THAT'S
WHAT SUPERMAN IS
HERE TO DO.

AND I SHOULD
FEEL GREAT
ABOUT THAT.

BUT THE BAD
DREAMS HAVE COME
BACK.

AND WHAT'S
WORSE...

...I DON'T
THINK THEY'RE
DREAMS.

OH, GOD...

WHEN I KILLED
THE THING...

...IT EXPLODED
INTO SPORES.

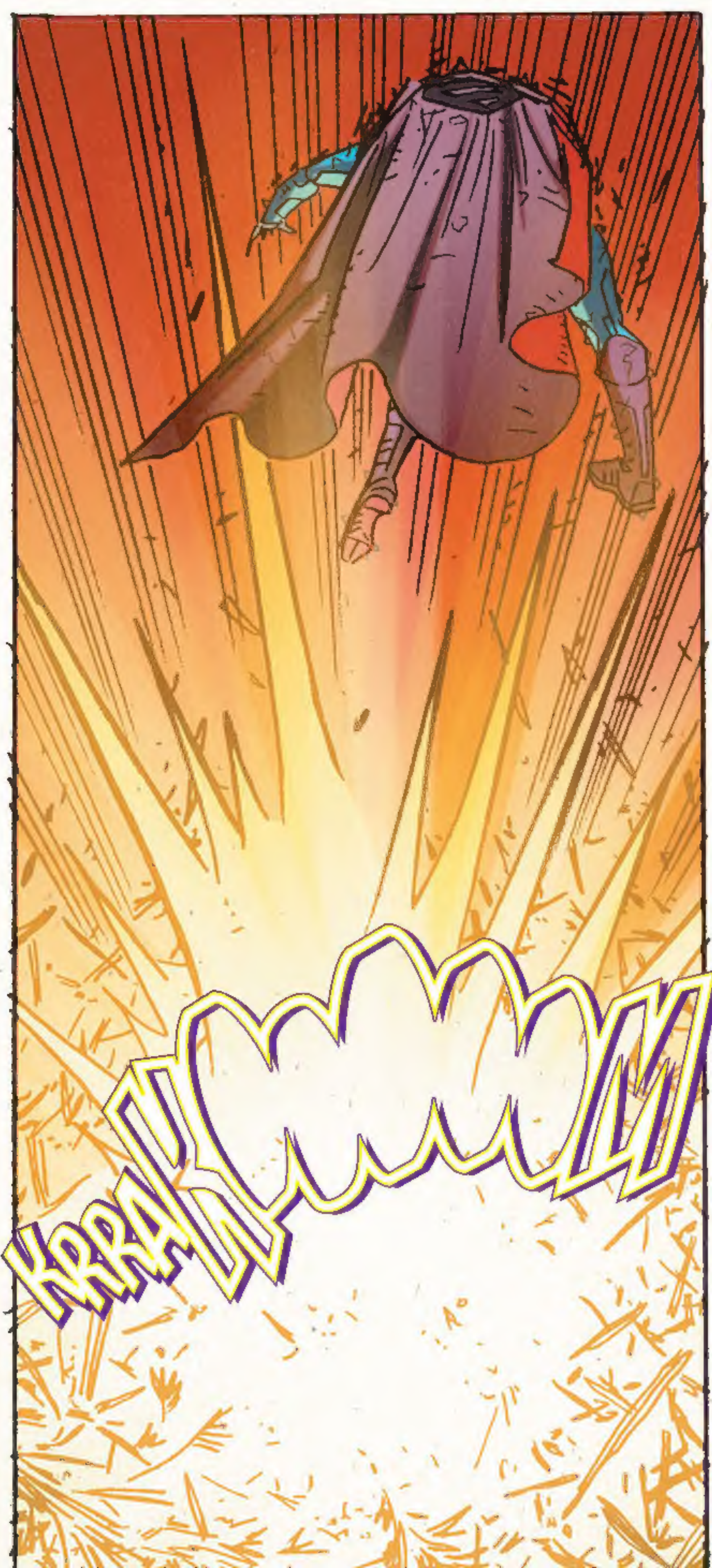
...AND I
INHALED
THEM ALL.



AND NOW THE
TREES CATCH
FIRE AS I FLY
OVER THEM?

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
TO ME.

I HAVE TO
CONCENTRATE,
FIGURE OUT HOW
TO CONTROL IT
BEFORE--

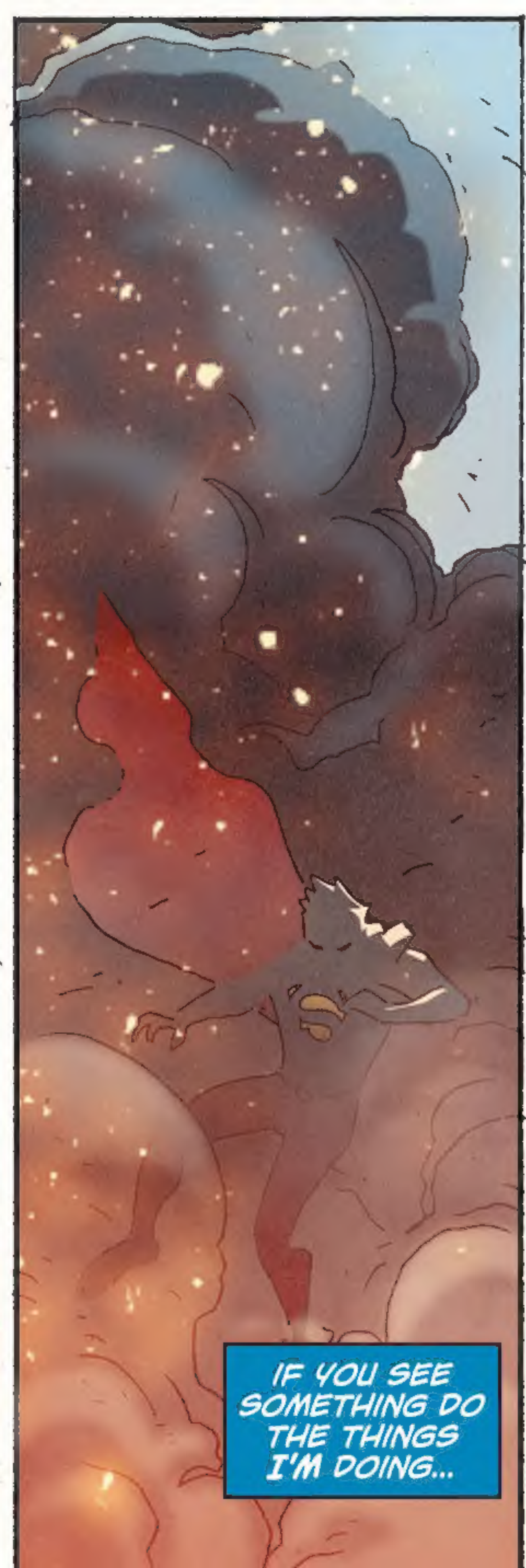


GOVERNMENT
BOMBERS.

HOW CAN
I BLAME
THEM?



IF YOU SEE
SOMETHING DO
THE THINGS
I'M DOING...



...YOU HAVE TO STOP IT.

SUPERMAN SAVED US FROM DOOMSDAY.

BUT NOW, HE'S TURNING INTO DOOMSDAY.

SO THIS MORNING, WITH GREAT SORROW...

...THE PRESIDENT OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED SUPERMAN AN ENEMY OF THE STATE.

SENATOR LANE!

SENATOR LANE, HOW--

GBS

GALAXY BROADCASTING SYSTEMS

SENATOR SAM LANE

SALVATION TECH EMERGENCY EVALUATION LABORATORIES. MANASSAS, VIRGINIA.

LIVE

WE JUST HAVE ANOTHER MINUTE. BUT FIRST...

...LET ME INTRODUCE MY DAUGHTER, DAILY PLANET REPORTER LOIS LANE.

...WHO AS YOU KNOW HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF SUPERMAN'S CHAMPIONS.

THANKS, DAD.

I'LL KEEP THIS SIMPLE.

LAST NIGHT, I TRIED TO INTERVIEW SUPERMAN* IN THE GOVERNMENT'S CONTAINMENT AND STUDY FACILITY.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED.

HE NEARLY KILLED ME, AND EVERYONE ELSE WITHIN A MILE.

DAILY PLANET. METROPOLIS.

*SEE SUPERMAN #31--EDDIE

THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE, MR. WHITE!

HUSH, JIMMY.

SUPERMAN'S JUST NOT LIKE THAT! HE WOULDN'T--

THIS IS NOT THE SUPERMAN WE KNOW.

I THINK SHE'S GETTING TO THAT PART.

AW, MAN...

APARTMENT OF DIANA PRINCE. LONDON.

HE'S CHANGED, IN WAYS THAT WOULD HORRIFY THE SUPERMAN I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN.

IN SHORT, HE CAN'T BE TRUSTED. IF YOU SEE HIM, DO NOT ENGAGE. JUST CALL YOUR LOCAL AUTHORITIES IMMEDIATELY.

ANSWER, CLARK.

JOINT CRISIS RESPONSE MED CENTER.
SMALLVILLE, KANSAS.



CLARK?

CLARK?

WAIT,
WHO IS
THIS?

THIS
IS WONDER
WOMAN.

OH,
CRAP.

WHO ARE
YOU?

LANA
LANG. I'M A...
FRIEND OF
CLARK'S.

I KNOW
YOU.

YOU DO?

LET ME
TALK TO
HIM.

WHAT, HE'S
NOT WITH
YOU?

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

HANG ON. I THINK I GET IT.
I CALLED THE **EMERGENCY**
NUMBER HE GAVE ME. I'M
GUESSING YOU DID THE
SAME THING.

HE MUST
HAVE RIGGED IT
SO IF HE CAN'T BE
REACHED...

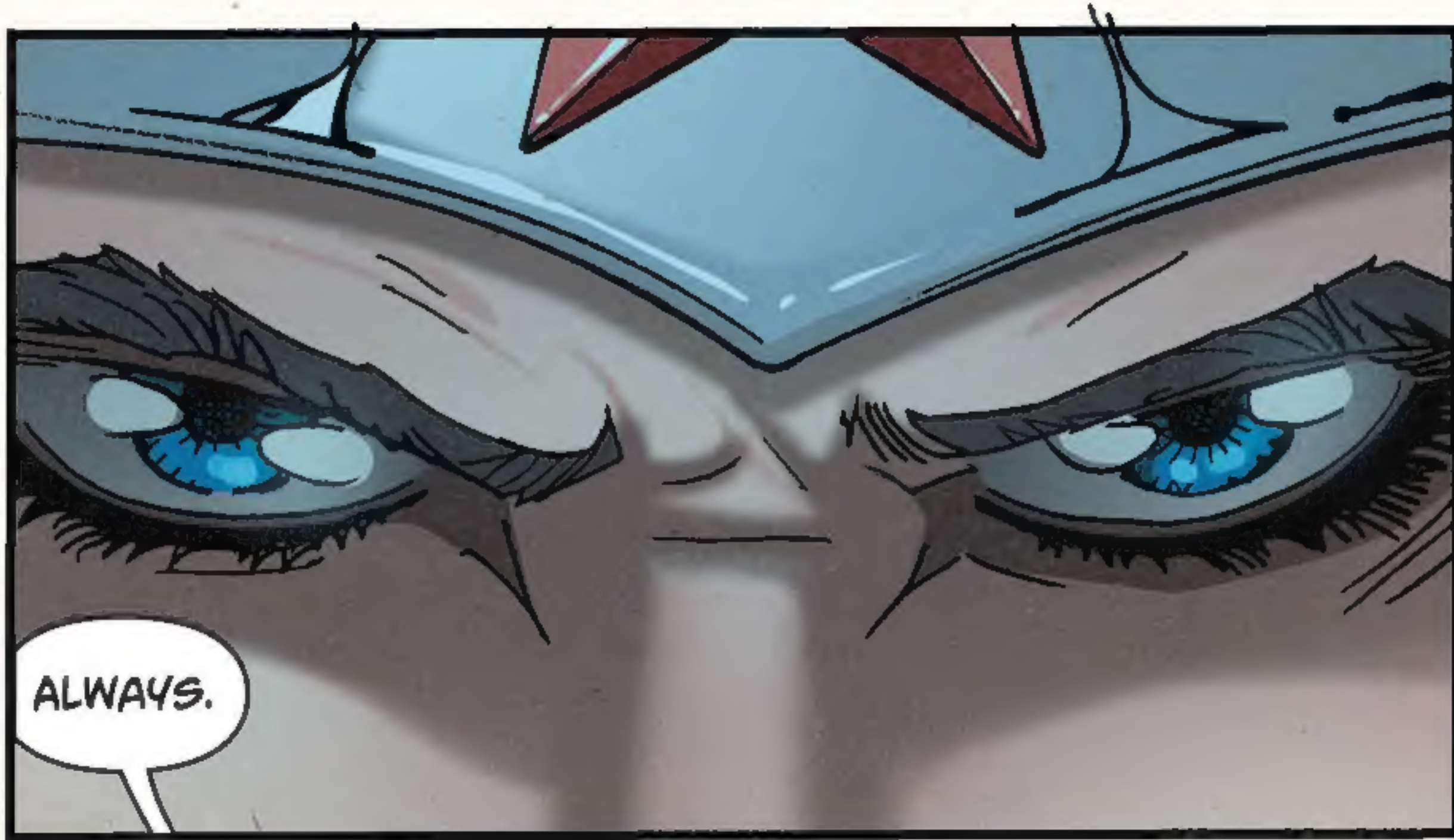
...WE TALK
TO EACH
OTHER.

OKAY.
SO. YOU
SEEN THE
NEWS?

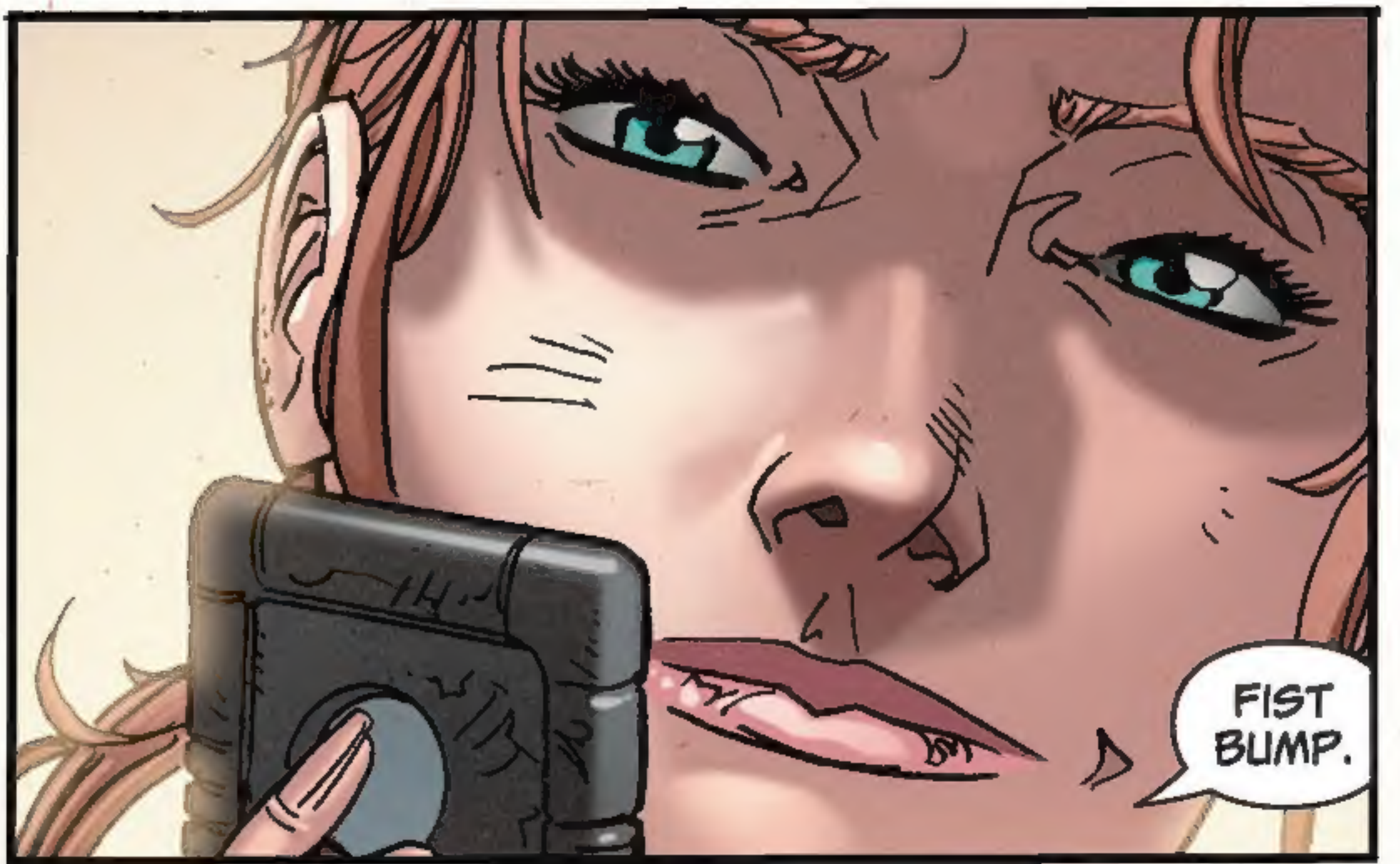
IS
THIS A
TEST?

YEAH,
I GUESS
SO.

DO
YOU STILL
TRUST
HIM?



ALWAYS.



FIST BUMP.

OKAY, LISTEN. I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS RELATED...

...BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS **SMALLVILLE COMA MYSTERY**. HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE **PASSED OUT** ALL AT THE SAME TIME--

I HEARD.

SO I'M AN **ELECTRICAL ENGINEER**. AND I GOT SOME **STRANGE READINGS**...

...AND I'VE FIGURED OUT THAT THE **BRAINS OF THE COMA VICTIMS** ARE SENDING **ELECTRICAL SIGNALS** OUT INTO **SPACE**.

SPACE? AND YOU THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION?

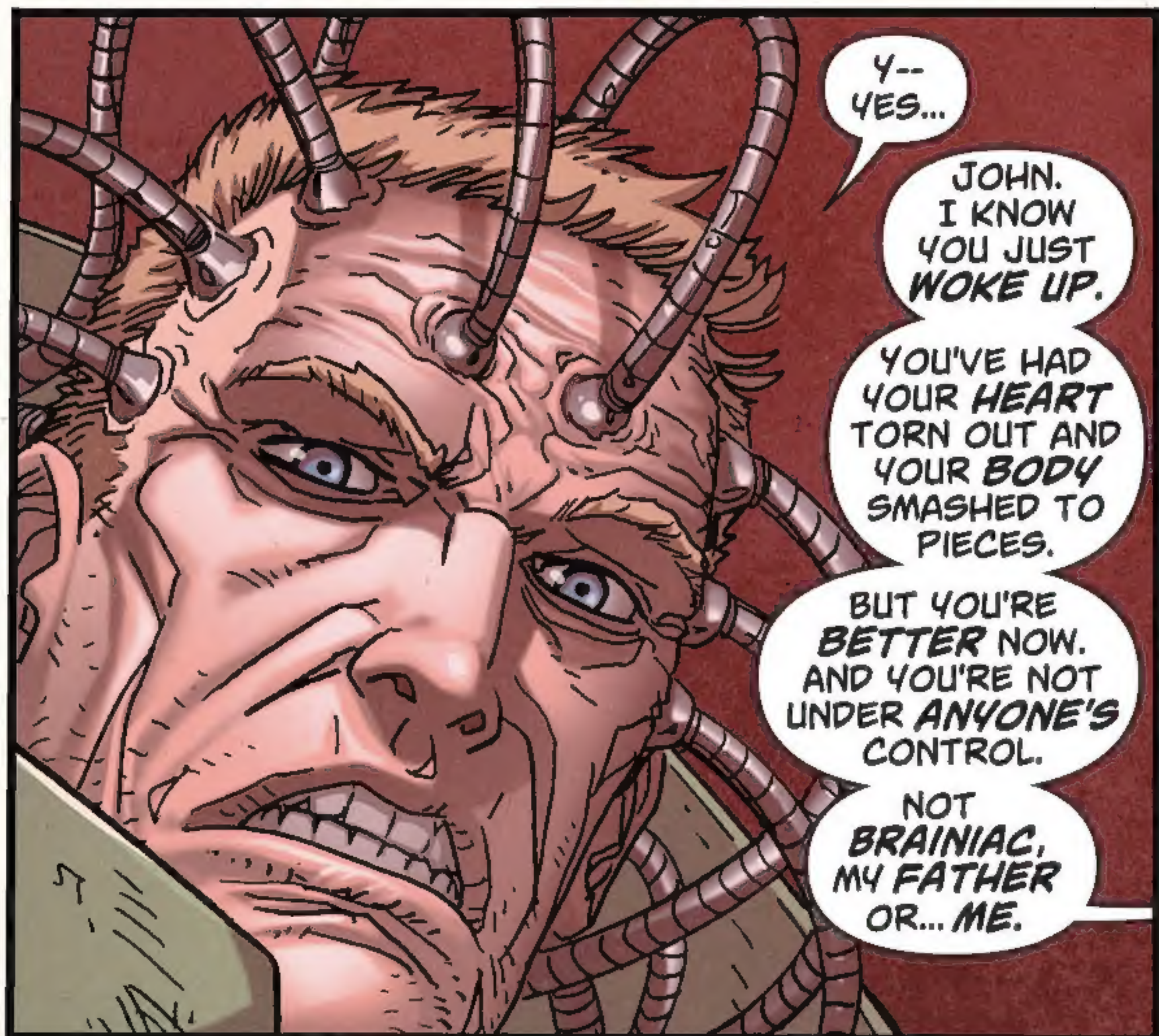
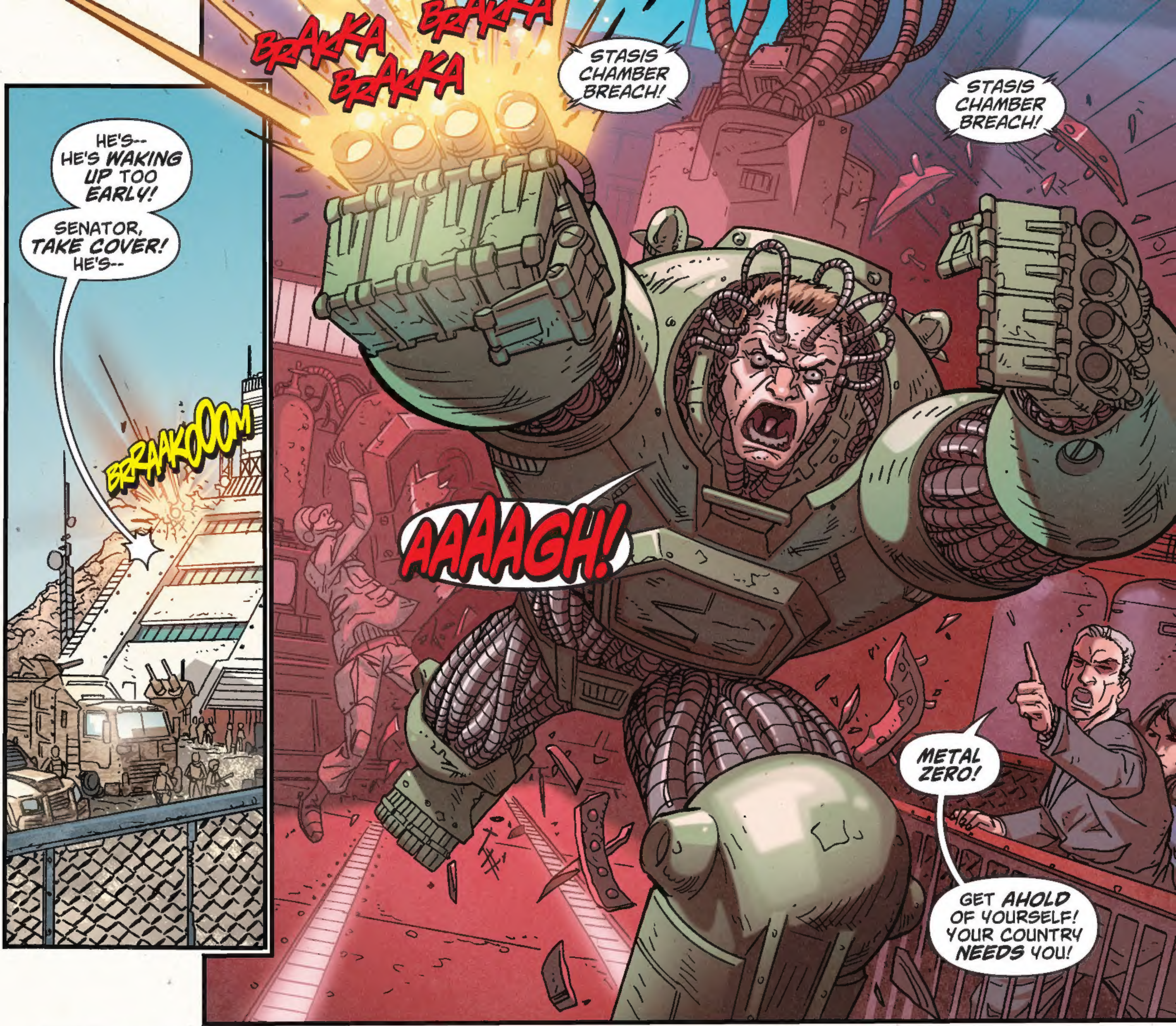
NO IDEA...

"...BUT I'M GONNA FIGURE IT OUT. IF YOU SEE **SUPERMAN** BEFORE I DO, TELL HIM I'M ON IT."



"THANKS, LANA."

"I'M ON IT, TOO."



"...YOU WERE RIGHT
ALL ALONG, ABOUT
SUPERMAN, JOHN.

"HE'S SHOWN HIS
TRUE COLORS.

WONDER WOMAN,
THIS IS STEEL. I'VE
FOUND HIM. SENDING
YOU NEW TRACKING
DATA.

WAIT
FOR ME.

"BUT YOU'VE
ALREADY GIVEN
SO MUCH.

"IF YOU CAN'T
STOP HIM..."

"...I'M SURE
SOMEONE
ELSE WILL."

SUPERMAN,
IT'S ME,
STEEL.

I GOT YOUR
PING.

IT'S...
GETTING
WORSE.

I'M HERE
TO HELP.

I APPRECIATE
THAT, JOHN.

BUT
YOU FOUGHT
DOOMSDAY,
TOO.

YOU SHOULD
RECOGNIZE
WHAT'S IN
THE AIR.



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING, BUDDY.

YOU COME ON WITH ME, AND WE'LL GET YOU--



JOHN...

...THIS IS ONE OF THE DRIEST, **DEADEST** PLACES ON THE PLANET.

BUT EVEN HERE, THERE ARE **MILLIONS** OF LIVING THINGS... INSECTS, PROTOZOA, MICROBES...

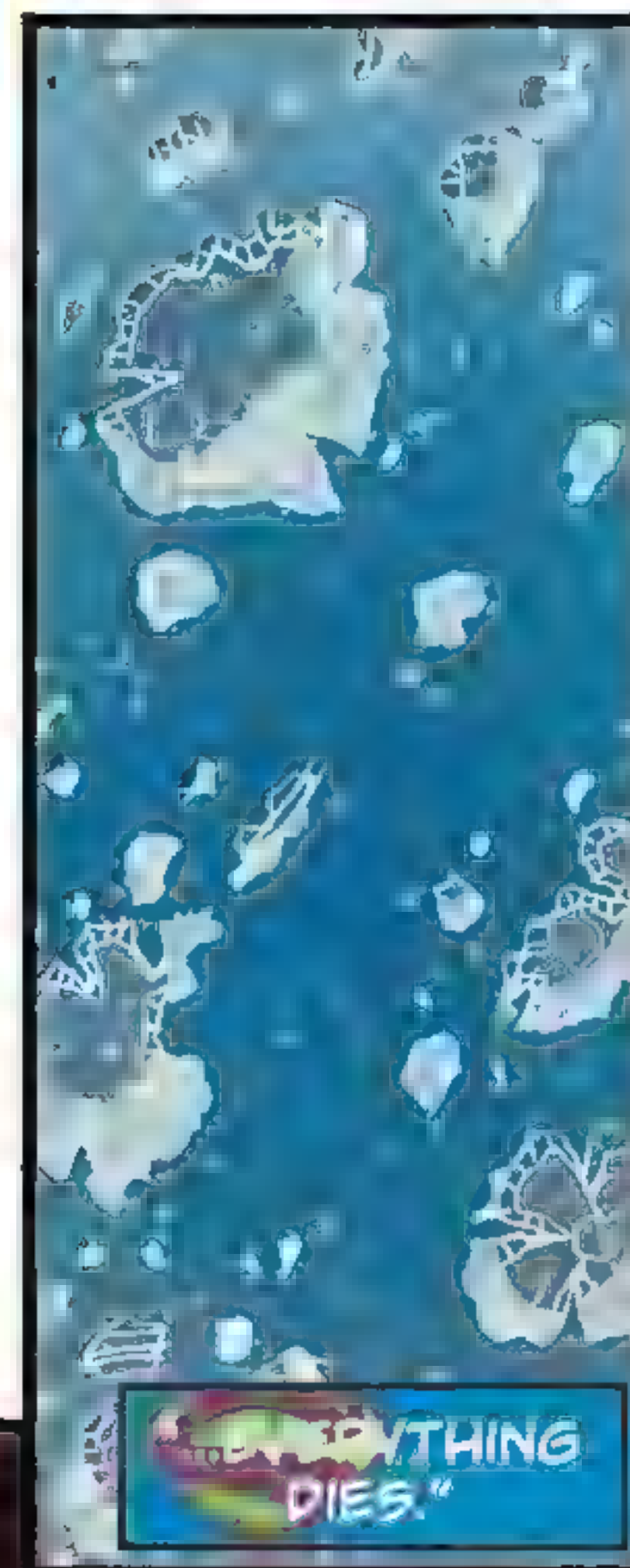
...ALL AROUND US.



OR THERE WERE.



WHEREVER I GO...



EVERYTHING DIES.



I'M WORKING AS HARD AS I CAN TO **CONTAIN** IT.

BUT I HEARD LOIS'S **REPORT**. AND SHE'S **RIGHT**.

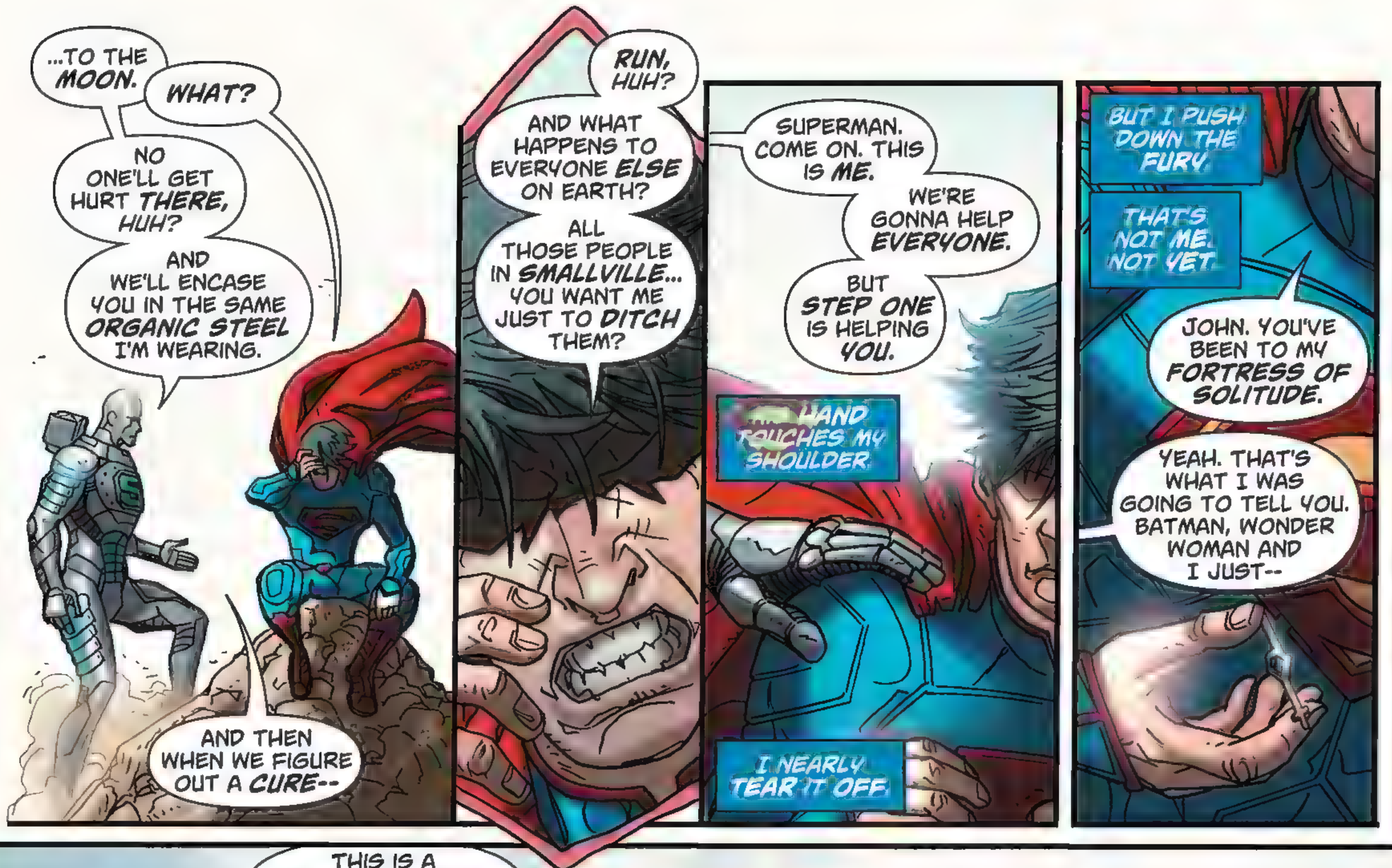
I...

...I CAN'T BE **TRUSTED**.

I'M NOT HERE TO HEAR THAT KIND OF TALK.

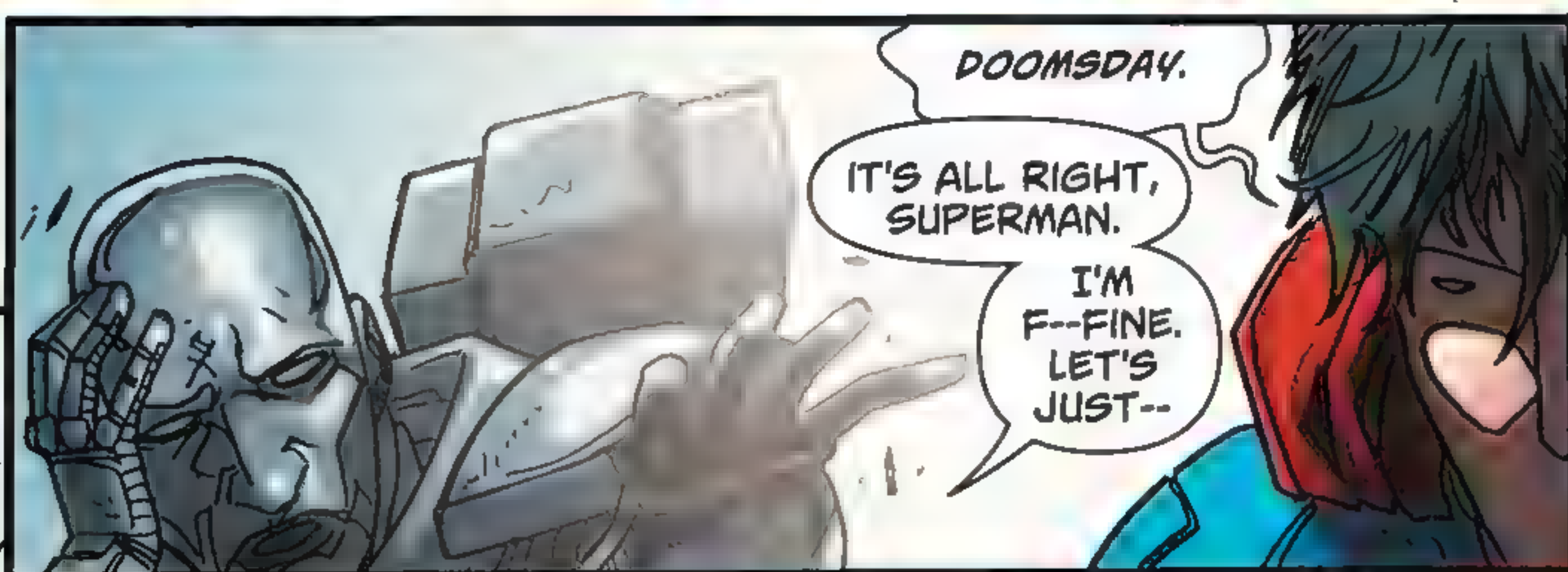
JOHN, IT'S **TOO LATE**.

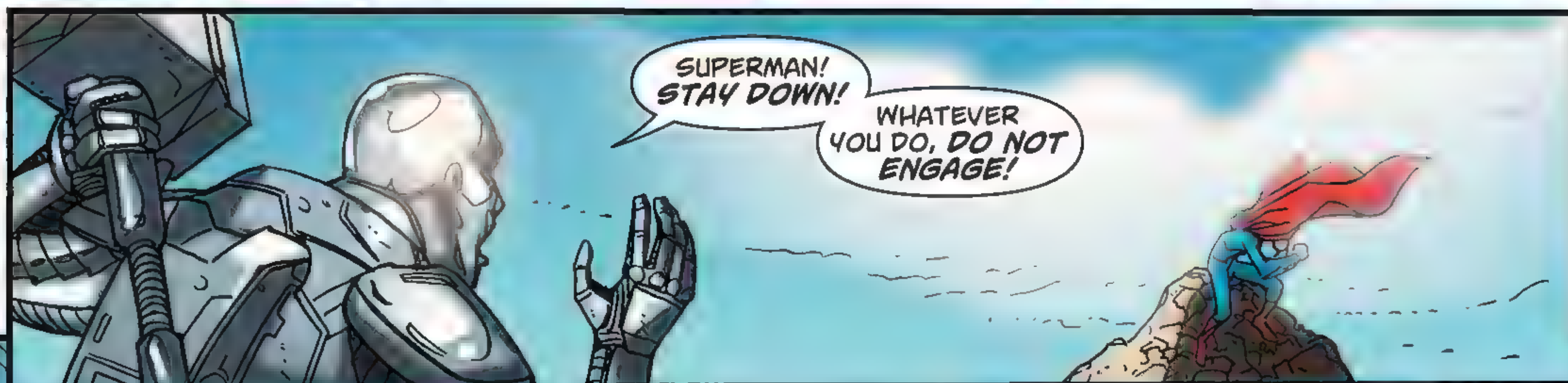
WE'LL GO **TOGETHER**...

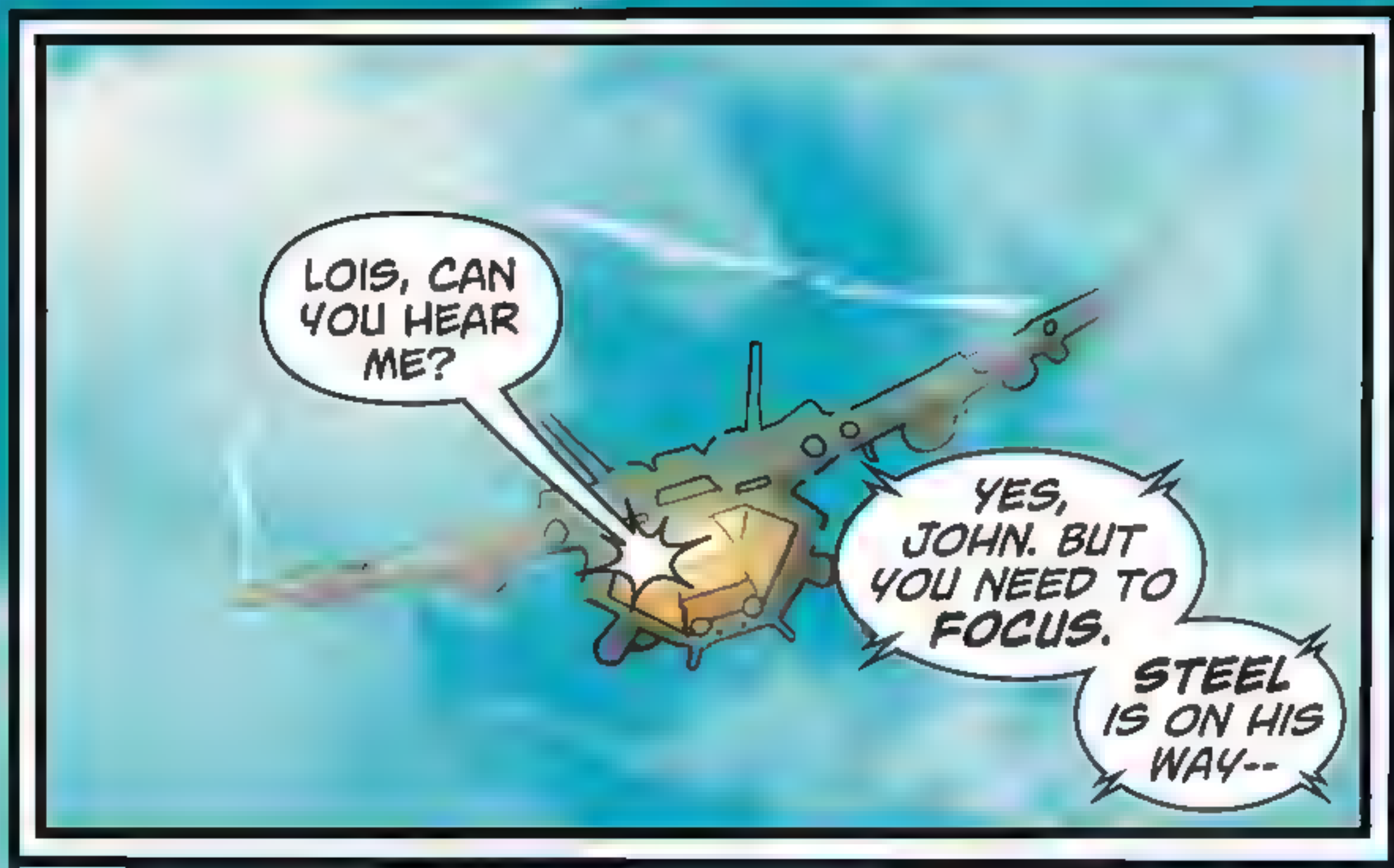


I TELL MY
HAND TO
LET GO.

BUT IT JUST
SQUEEZES







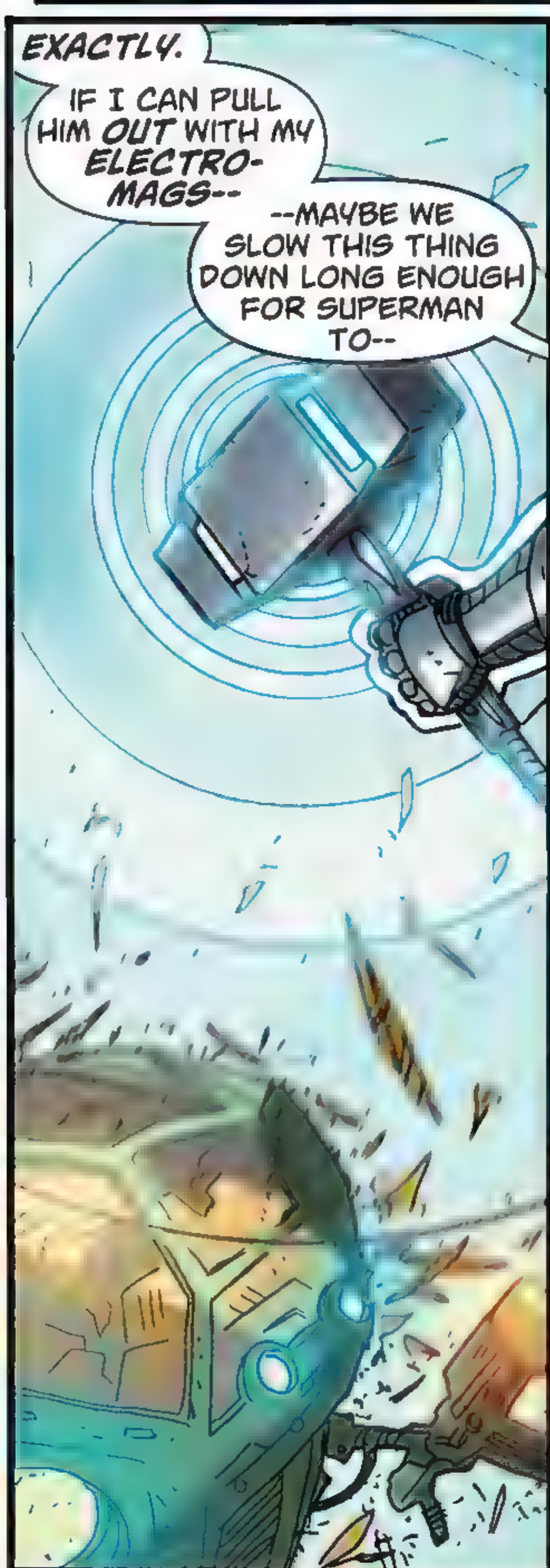
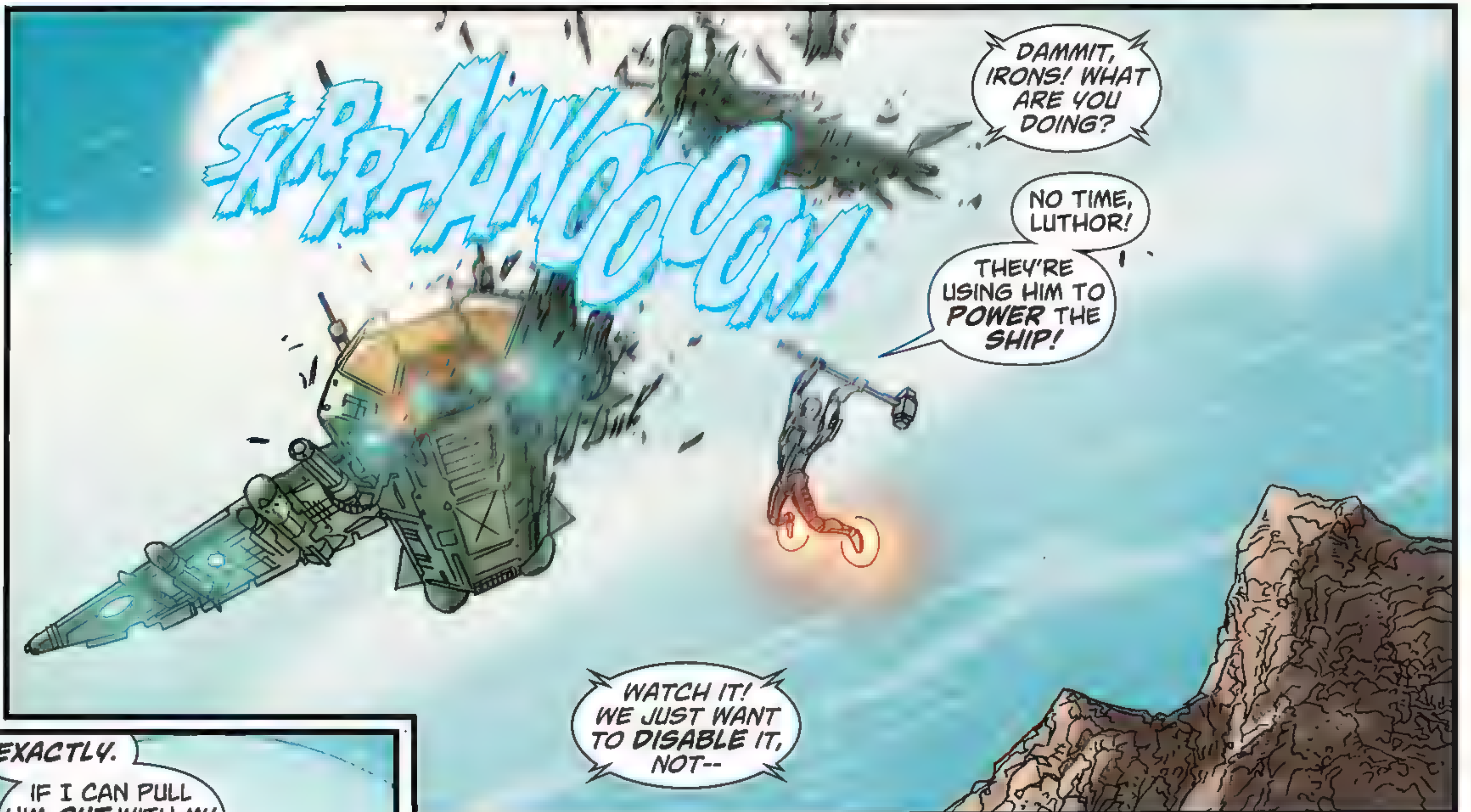
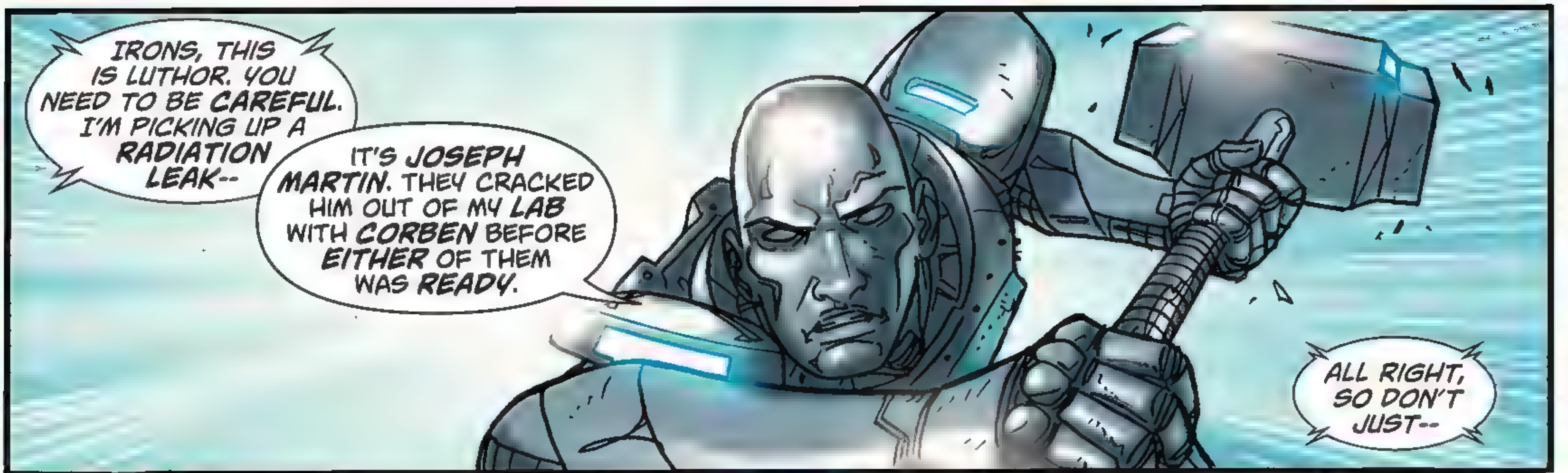
...I'M...I'M GOING TO BE BETTER, LOIS.

I KNOW I CAN DO IT. AS LONG AS...

...AS LONG AS YOU'RE RIGHT HERE IN MY HEAD...

THAT'S RIGHT, JOHN.

AND YOU'RE RIGHT HERE IN MINE.





YOU THOUGHT I WAS **SLEEPING** IN THAT DAMN LAB OF YOURS, IRONS.

BUT I **SAW** YOU...ALL THOSE HOURS AND DAYS AND **MONTHS**.

YOU BOTTLED ME UP LIKE A **DEAD FETUS**. AND **NOW--**

MARTIN! I WAS TRYING TO HELP YOU!



YOU THOUGHT I WAS **SLEEPING** IN THAT DAMN LAB OF YOURS, IRONS.

BUT I **SAW** YOU...ALL THOSE HOURS AND DAYS AND **MONTHS**.

YOU BOTTLED ME UP LIKE A **DEAD FETUS**. AND **NOW--**

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BUT I **SAW** YOU...ALL THOSE HOURS AND DAYS AND **MONTHS**.

YOU BOTTLED ME UP LIKE A **DEAD FETUS**. AND **NOW--**

MARTIN! I WAS TRYING TO HELP YOU!

NOW JUST CALM DOWN--

--OR YOU'RE GOING TO END UP KILLING EVERYONE ALL OVER AGAIN!

--YOU COULD KILL EVERYONE WITHIN TEN MILES!

HEEEY...

NOW JUST CALM DOWN--

--OR YOU'RE GOING TO END UP KILLING EVERYONE ALL OVER AGAIN!

--YOU COULD KILL EVERYONE WITHIN TEN MILES!

HEEEY...

NOW
JUST **CALM**
DOWN--

--OR YOU'RE
GOING TO END
UP **KILLING**
EVERYONE ALL
OVER AGAIN!

--YOU
COULD KILL
EVERYONE
WITHIN **TEN**
MILES!

HEEEY...

NOW JUST CALM DOWN--

--OR YOU'RE GOING TO END UP KILLING EVERYONE ALL OVER AGAIN!

--YOU COULD KILL EVERYONE WITHIN TEN MILES!

HEEEY...

A comic book panel depicting a violent scene. A character with dark hair, wearing a white tank top, is shown from the chest up, screaming in pain or agony with a speech bubble that reads "AAAAAGH!". A large, dark, jagged, and bloody object, resembling a severed limb or a piece of machinery, is impaling the character's torso. A speech bubble from this object reads "...THAT SOUNDS GREAT!". In the foreground, a severed head with glowing white eyes and a wide, toothy grin is visible. The background is dark and chaotic, with rain or blood falling in vertical streaks. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and the stark white of the character's shirt and the severed head's eyes.

A comic book panel depicting a violent scene. A character with dark hair, wearing a white tank top, is shown from the chest up, screaming in pain or agony with a speech bubble that reads "AAAAAGH!". A large, dark, jagged, and bloody object, resembling a severed limb or a piece of machinery, is impaling the character's torso. A speech bubble from this object reads "...THAT SOUNDS GREAT!". In the foreground, a severed head with glowing white eyes and a wide, toothy grin is visible. The background is dark and chaotic, with rain or blood falling in vertical streaks. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and the stark white of the character's shirt and the severed head's eyes.



ALL RIGHT,
SUPERMAN.

THIS
IS IT.

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
MUCH OF YOU
IS LEFT IN
THERE...



...AND I KNOW
YOU'VE NEVER
TRUSTED
ME.

HRRRNN...

BUT
STEEL'S
BOUGHT
YOU A FEW
MINUTES.

AND NOW
YOU HAVE TO BE
THE HERO EVERY-
ONE'S ALWAYS
SAYING YOU ARE.

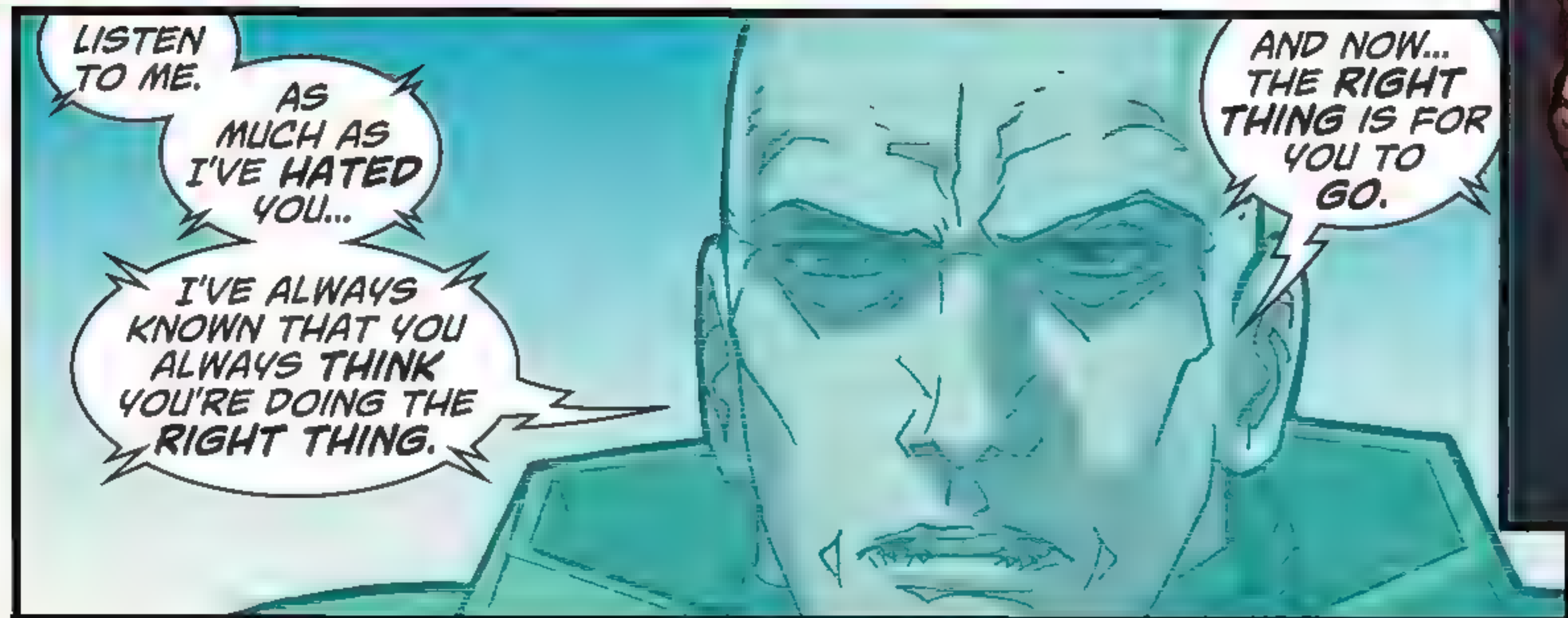


GRAAGH!

HN.

I ALMOST
FEEL SORRY
FOR YOU.

BUT
YOU CAN'T
PUNCH YOUR
WAY THROUGH
THIS ONE.



LISTEN
TO ME.

AS
MUCH AS
I'VE HATED
YOU...

I'VE ALWAYS
KNOWN THAT YOU
ALWAYS THINK
YOU'RE DOING THE
RIGHT THING.

AND NOW...
THE RIGHT
THING IS FOR
YOU TO
GO.

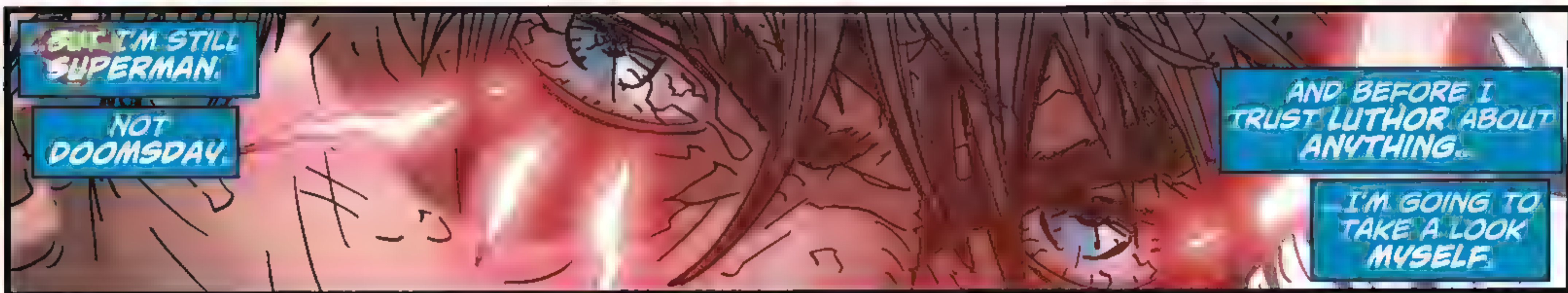


LEX'S VOICE
CUTS MY BRAIN
LIKE A KNIFE.

HE'S
RIGHT.

I'M SO
CLOSE.

SO CLOSE
TO LOSING
MYSELF.

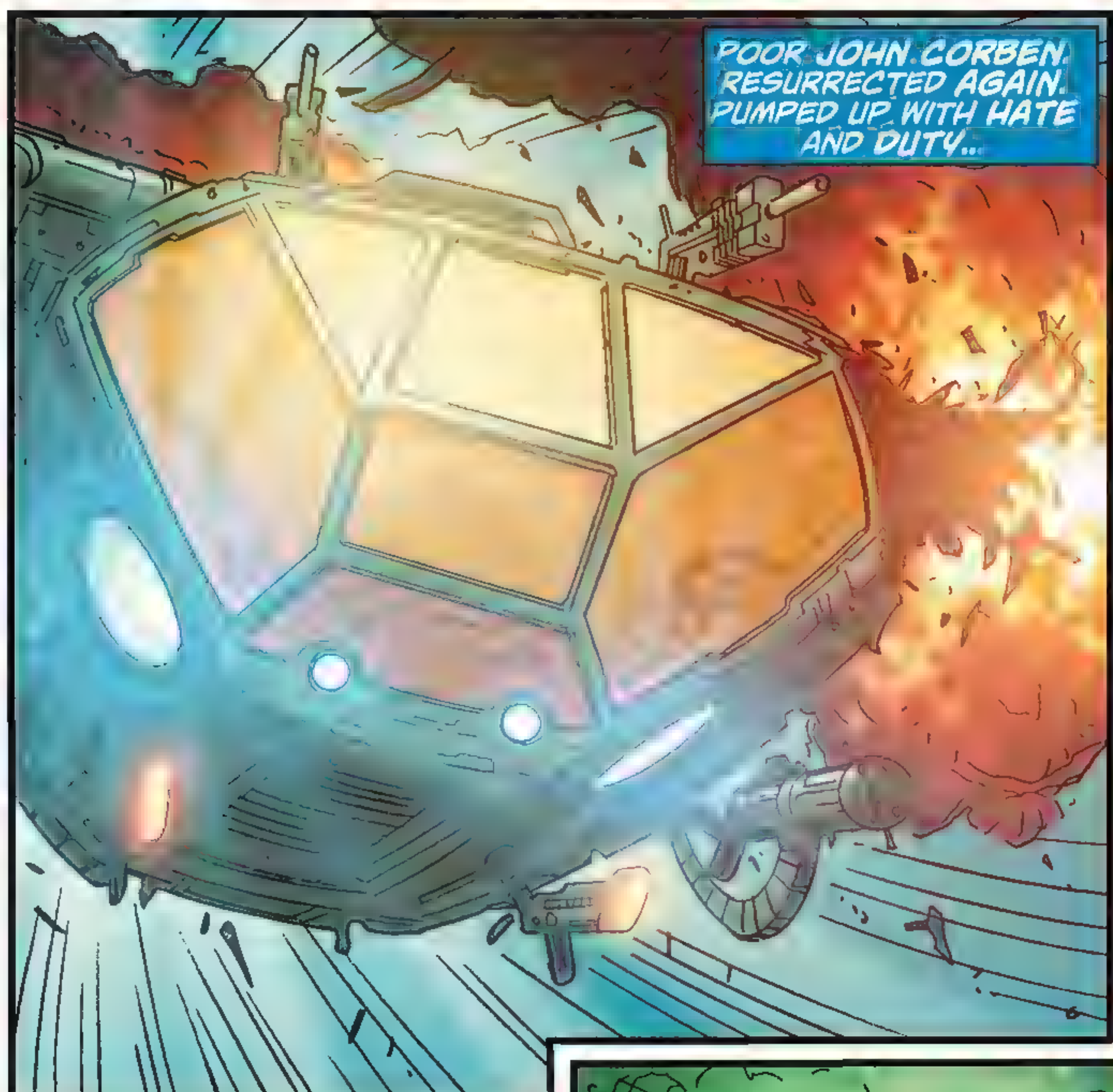


BUT I'M STILL
SUPERMAN.

NOT
DOOMSDAY.

AND BEFORE I
TRUST LUTHOR ABOUT
ANYTHING...

I'M GOING TO
TAKE A LOOK
MYSELF.



POOR JOHN CORBEN.
RESURRECTED AGAIN.
PUMPED UP WITH HATE
AND DUTY...

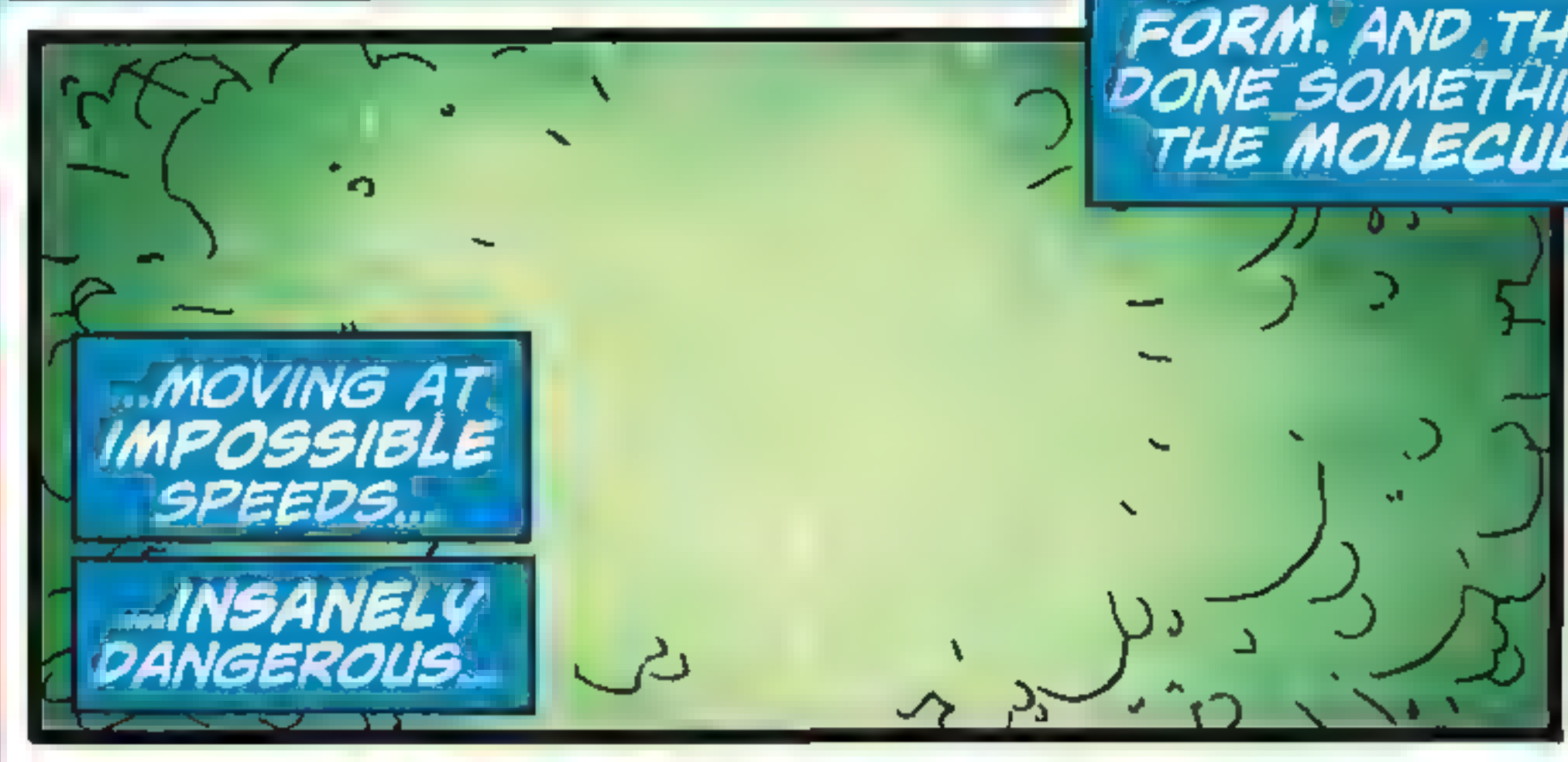


AND THERE'S THE
KRYPTONITE.

IT'S ALWAYS
KRYPTONITE
ISN'T IT?

BUT THIS
TIME... THEY'VE
COMPRESSED
IT INTO MASSIVE
TANKS...

...IN AEROSOL
FORM. AND THEY'VE
DONE SOMETHING TO
THE MOLECULES...



...MOVING AT
IMPOSSIBLE
SPEEDS...

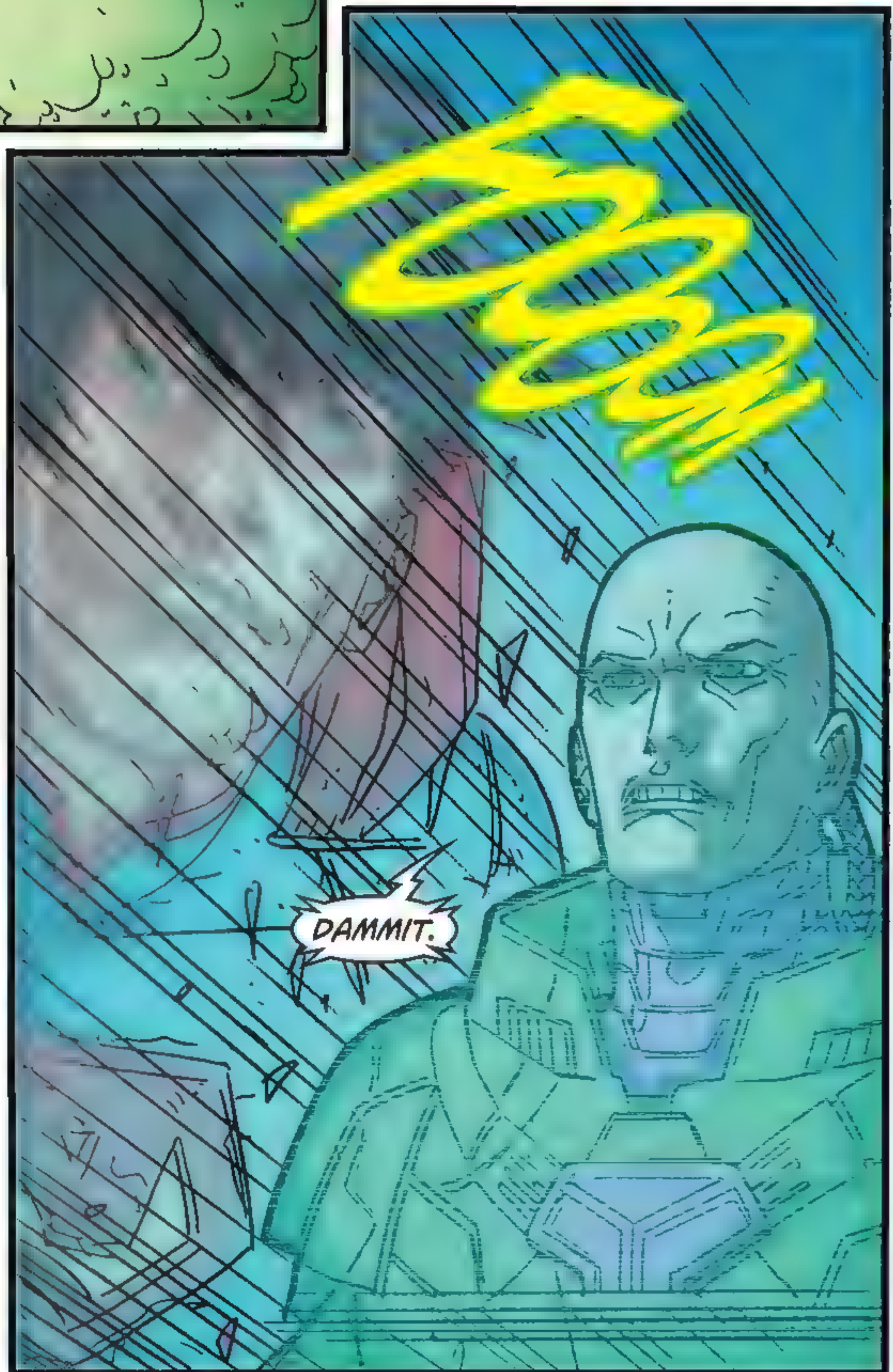
...INSANELY
DANGEROUS.



BUT THERE'S
NO LAUNCHING
MECHANISM. NOT
EVEN BOMB BAY
DOORS. WHAT--

JOHN
CORBEN
THEY'RE
GONNA KILL
YOU, TOO.

SUPERMAN!



DAMMIT.

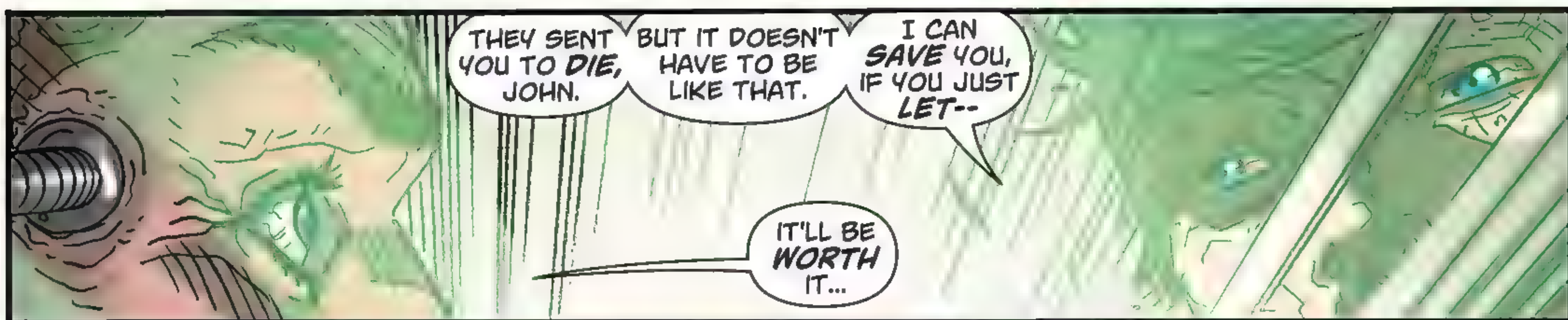


JOHN! I'M
HERE TO
HELP--



GRRAAAAAA!

NNNGH!

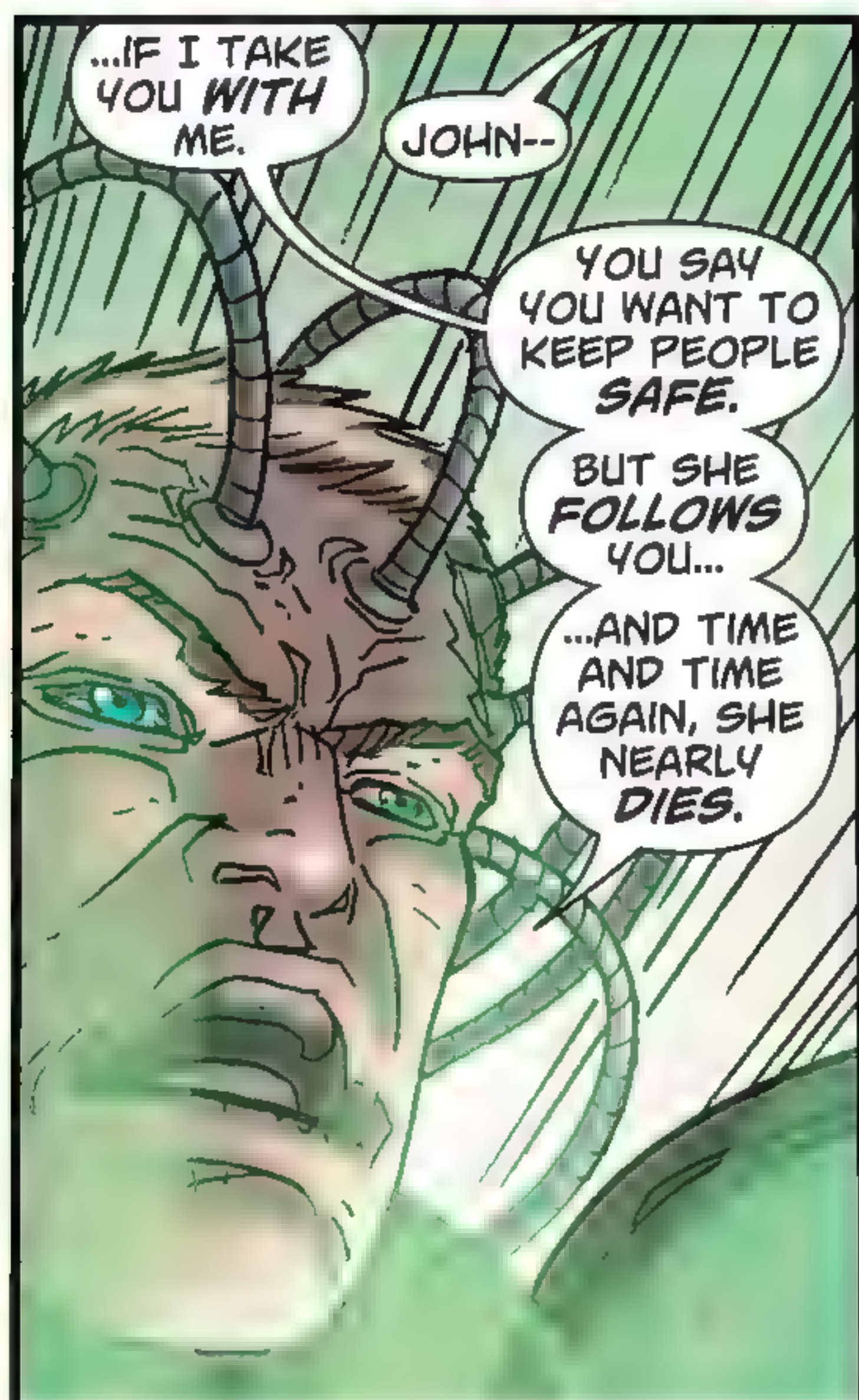


THEY SENT
YOU TO DIE,
JOHN.

BUT IT DOESN'T
HAVE TO BE
LIKE THAT.

I CAN
SAVE YOU,
IF YOU JUST
LET--

IT'LL BE
WORTH
IT...



...IF I TAKE
YOU WITH
ME.

JOHN--

YOU SAY
YOU WANT TO
KEEP PEOPLE
SAFE.

BUT SHE
FOLLOWS
YOU...

...AND TIME
AND TIME
AGAIN, SHE
NEARLY
DIES.

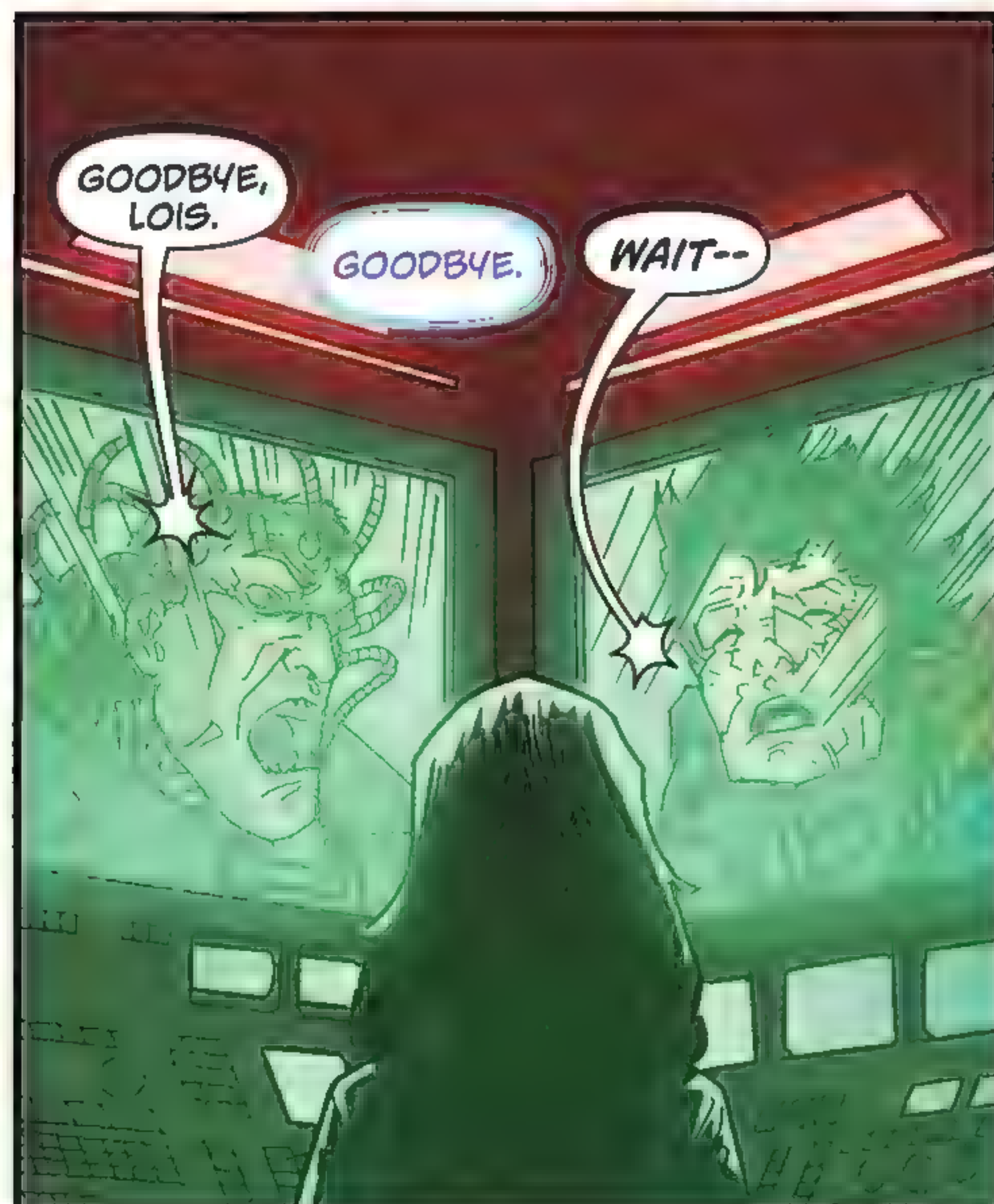


JOHN,
WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT--

SHE
TOLD ME,
SUPERMAN.

SHE'S IN MY
HEAD, SHOWING
ME THE
PICTURES.

BUT TODAY,
SHE'S FINALLY
GOING TO BE
FREE.

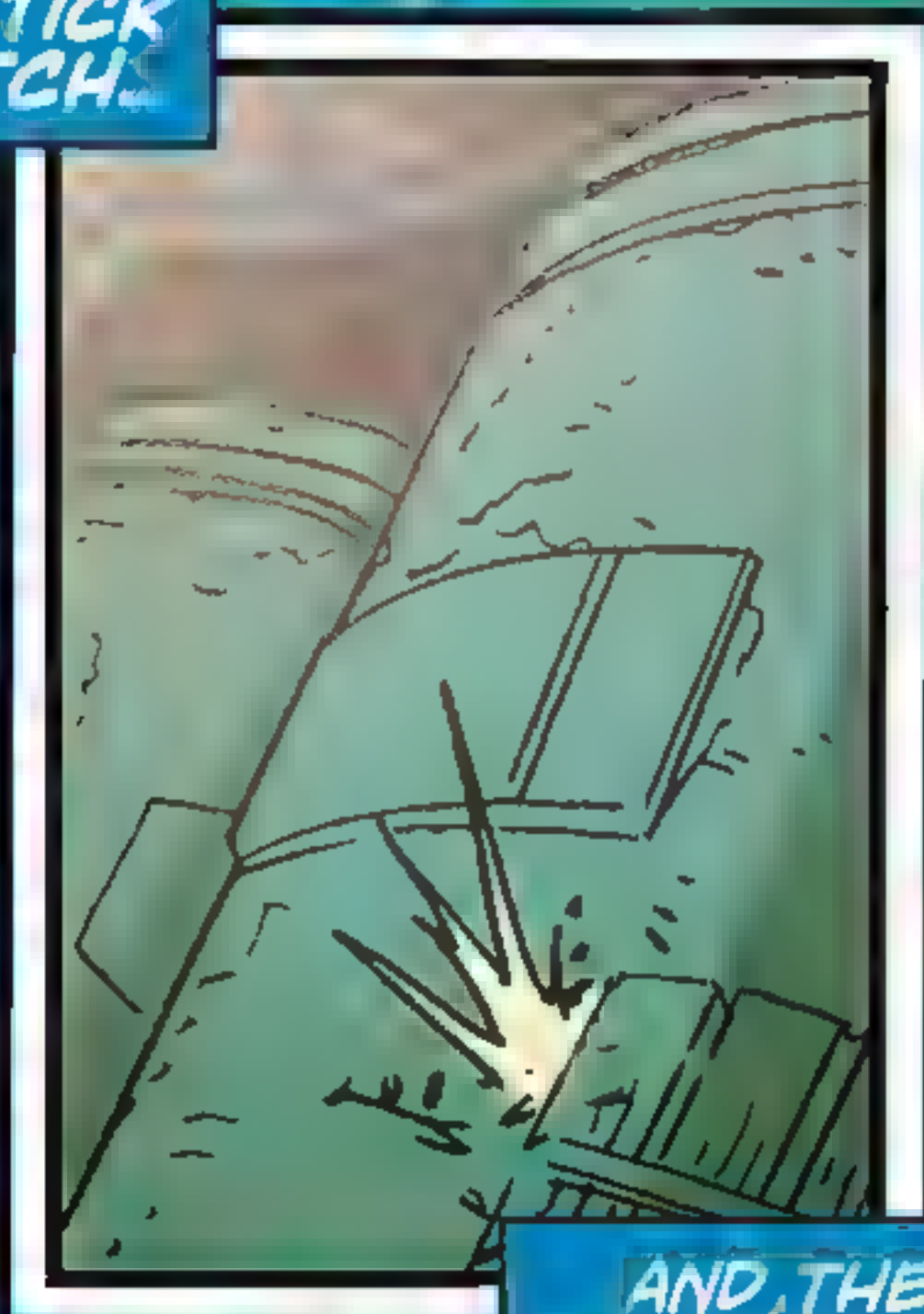


GOODBYE,
LOIS.

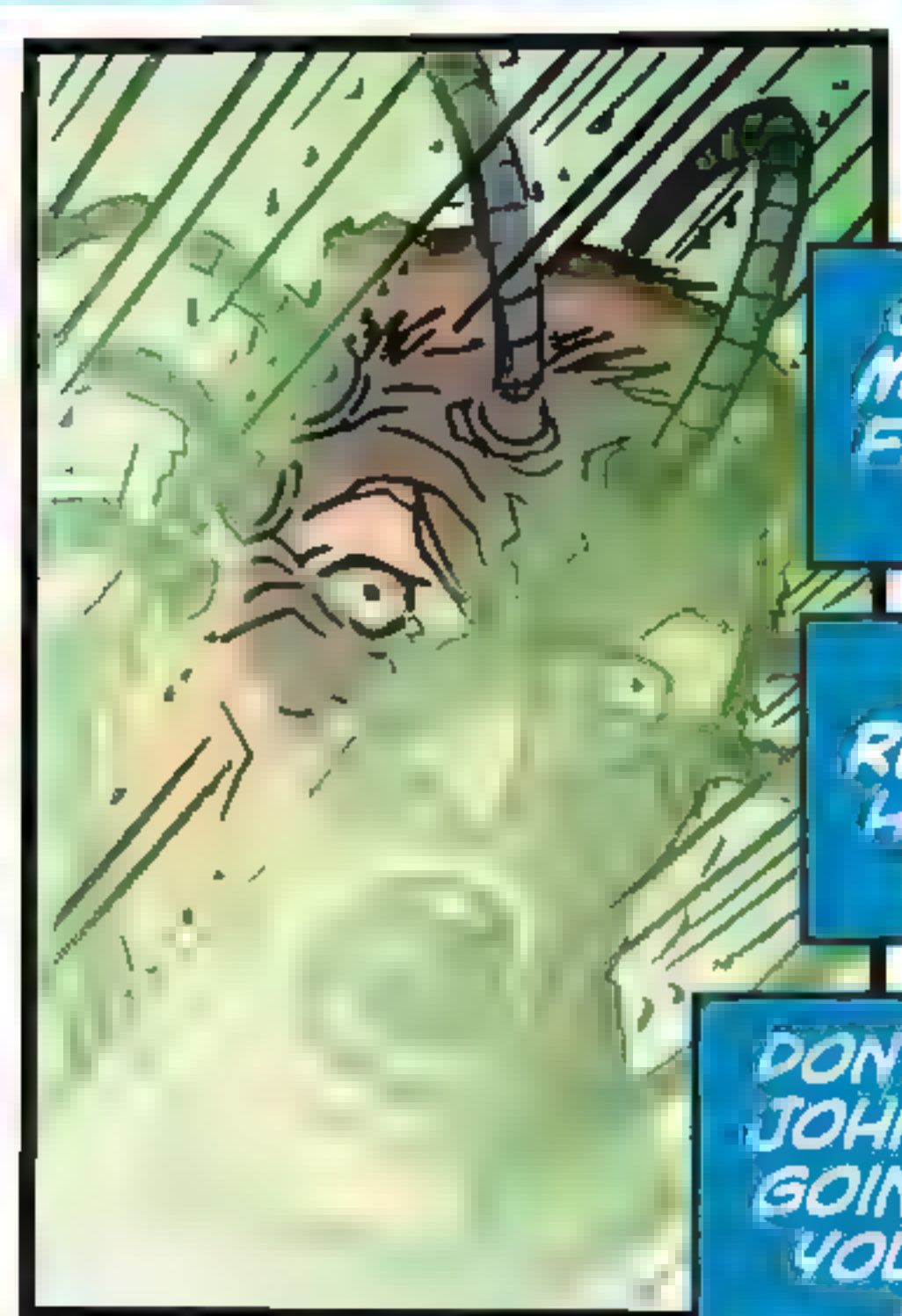
GOODBYE.

WAIT--

HEAR THE
FAINTEST TICK
OF A SWITCH.



AND THEN MY EARS
GO DEAD AS A BILLION
MOLECULES OF
KRYPTONITE BLAST
THROUGH MY BODY.



JOHN'S LIPS
MOVE AS THE
FIRE ENGULFS
HIM.

IS THAT
REGRET IN
HIS EYES?
FEAR?

DON'T WORRY,
JOHN. I'M NOT
GOING TO LET
YOU DIE. I'M
NOT.

I CAN'T HEAR
HIM SCREAM.

I JUST SEE THE
FLESH BURN
FROM HIS--

AND THEN MY
EYES GO BLIND.

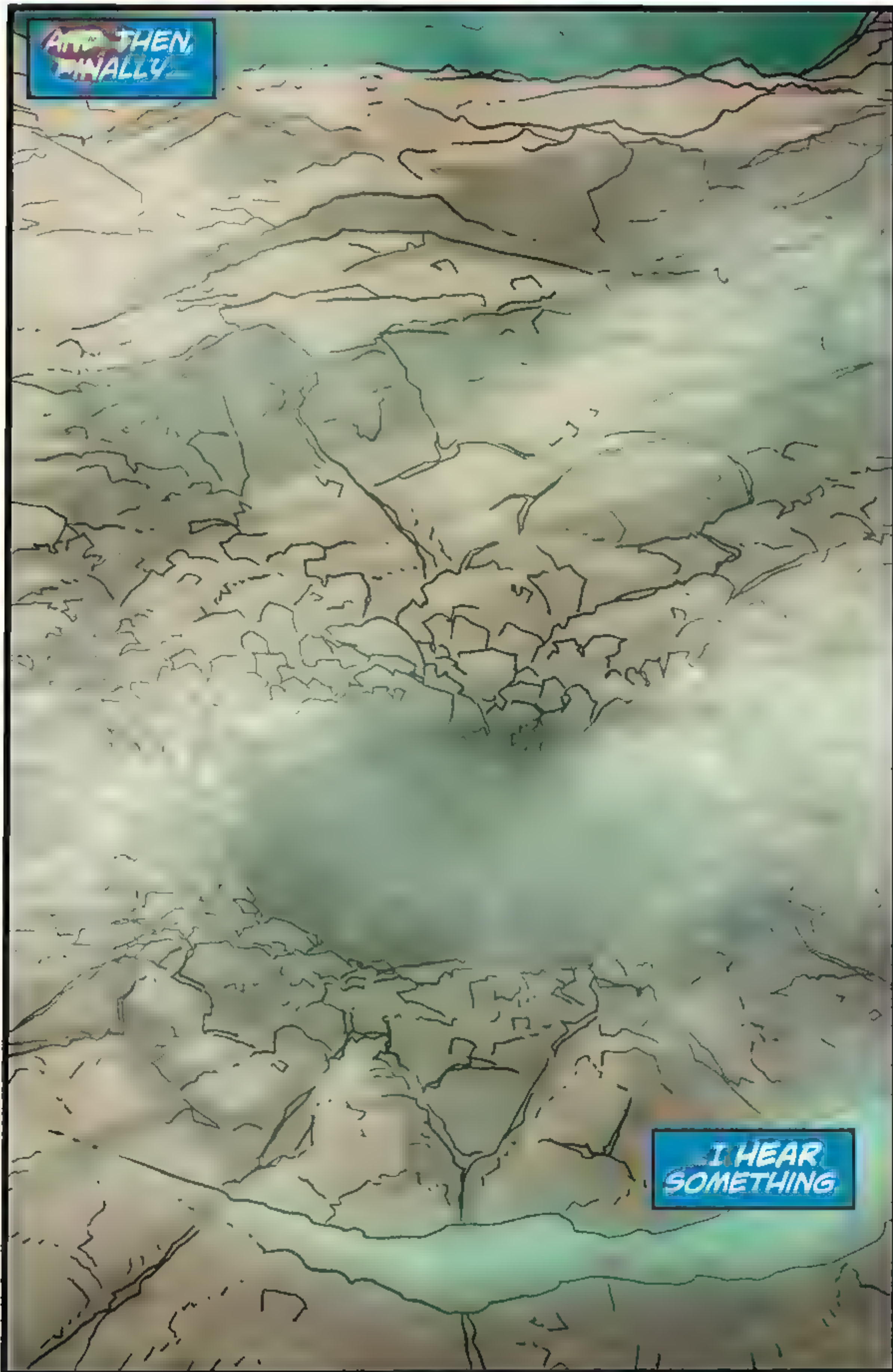
MY SKIN
GOES NUMB.

INSIDE MY
CHEST, A HUGE
REVERBERATION
RATTLES MY RIBS.

I CAN'T
FEEL IT.

BUT I MUST
HAVE FALLEN.

I MUST
HAVE
FALLEN.





SUPERMAN!

HANG ON,
I'M COMING
FOR YOU!

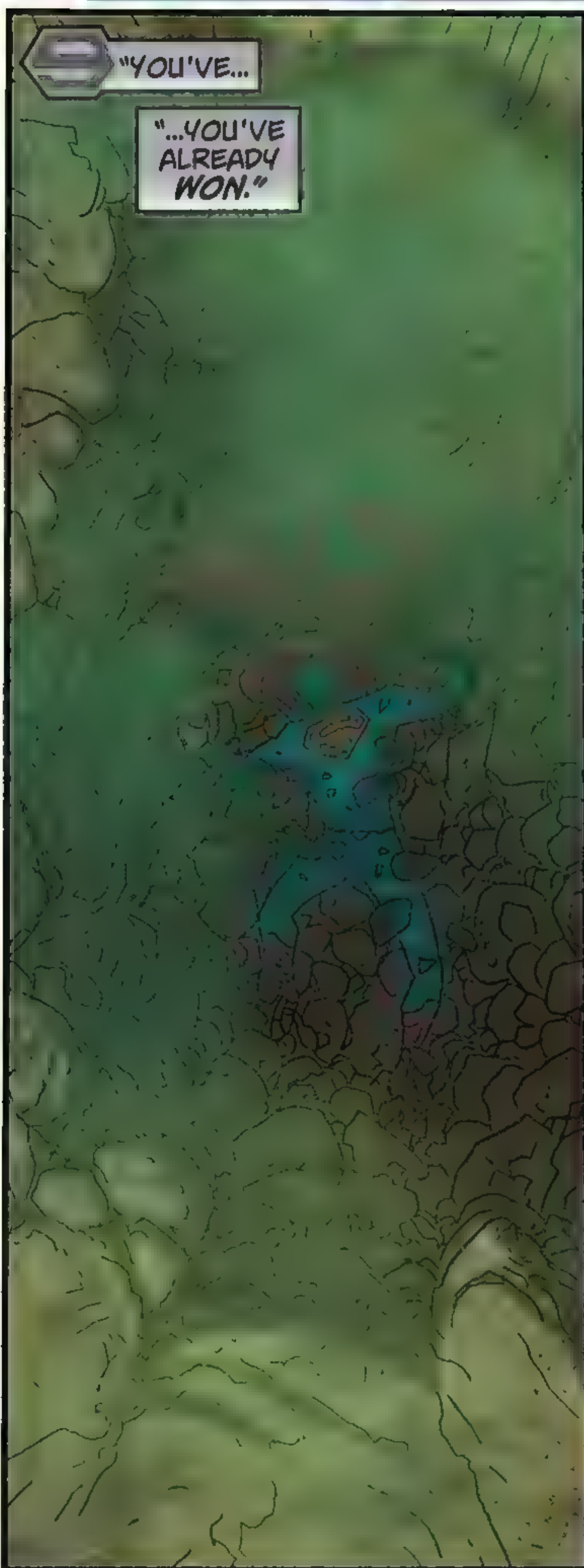


CAREFUL, IRONS! DON'T
GET TOO CLOSE UNTIL
I CAN RUN--

IRONS! THIS
IS LANE!

YOU HIT
HIM WITH
EVERYTHING
YOU HAVE,
YOU HEAR
ME?

NO NEED
FOR THAT,
SENATOR.



"YOU'VE..."

"...YOU'VE
ALREADY
WON."



NO, YOU
MORON...



...THE
KRYPTONITE...



HRRRRR...

...IT JUST
WEAKENED
THE PART OF
SUPERMAN



RRAAAGH!

...THAT
WAS STILL
SUPERMAN...



...AND
NOW...



"...ALL
THAT'S LEFT
IS DOOM."

S U P E R M A N

DOOMED

WILL CONTINUE IN

**SUPERMAN
WONDER
WOMAN**

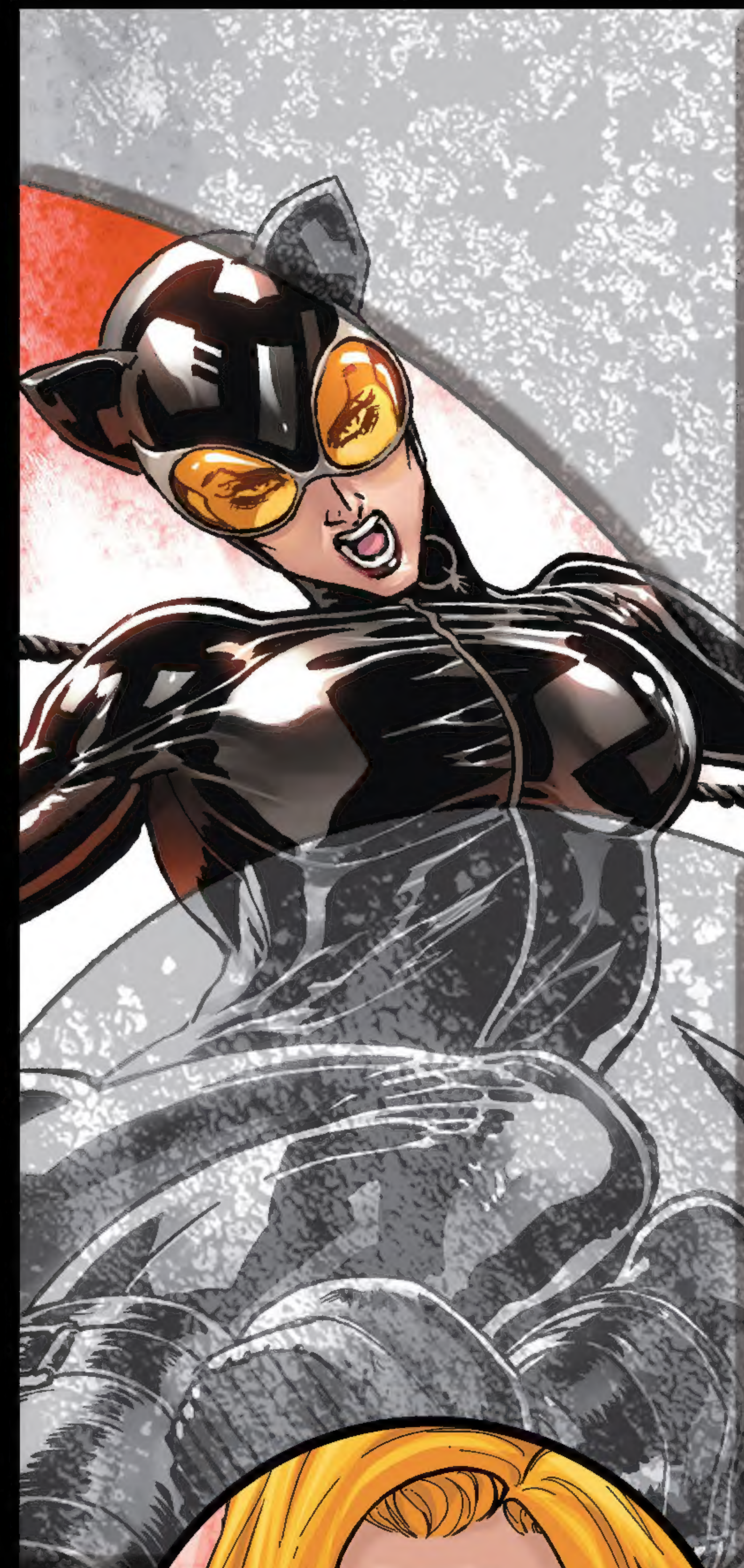
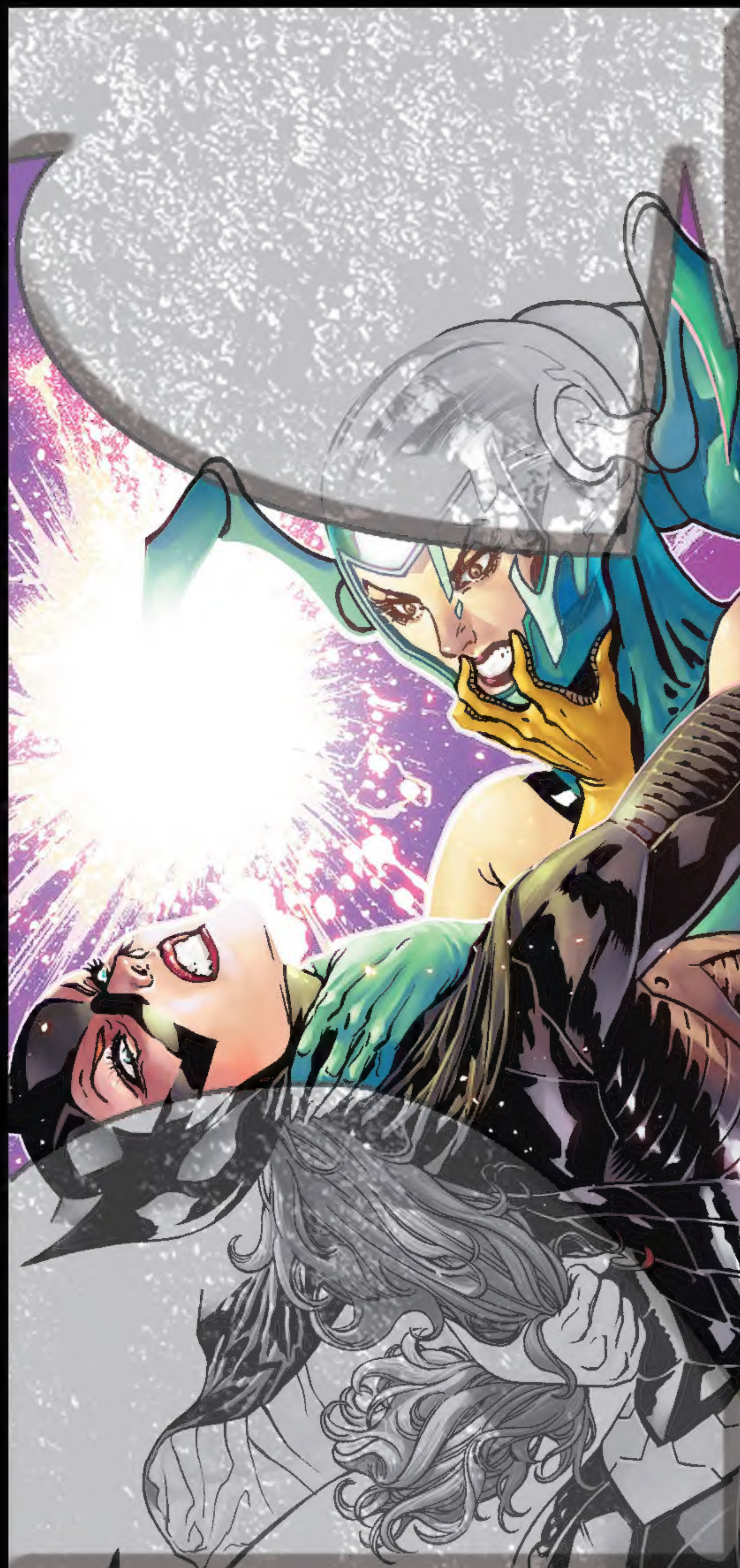
#9!



WE HAVE YOUR
BAT-NEWS, RIGHT NOW!
I'M BETHANY SNOW FOR CHANNEL
52 NEWS, AND WE ARE WORKING
ON MULTIPLE BREAKING STORIES
COMING OUT OF GOTHAM CITY
AND AROUND THE WORLD!



**BREAKING NEWS
NOW!**



BATMAN WAS SEEN
IN HONG KONG...FIND
OUT WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT
HIS TEAM-UP PARTNER:
BATMAN OF JAPAN!

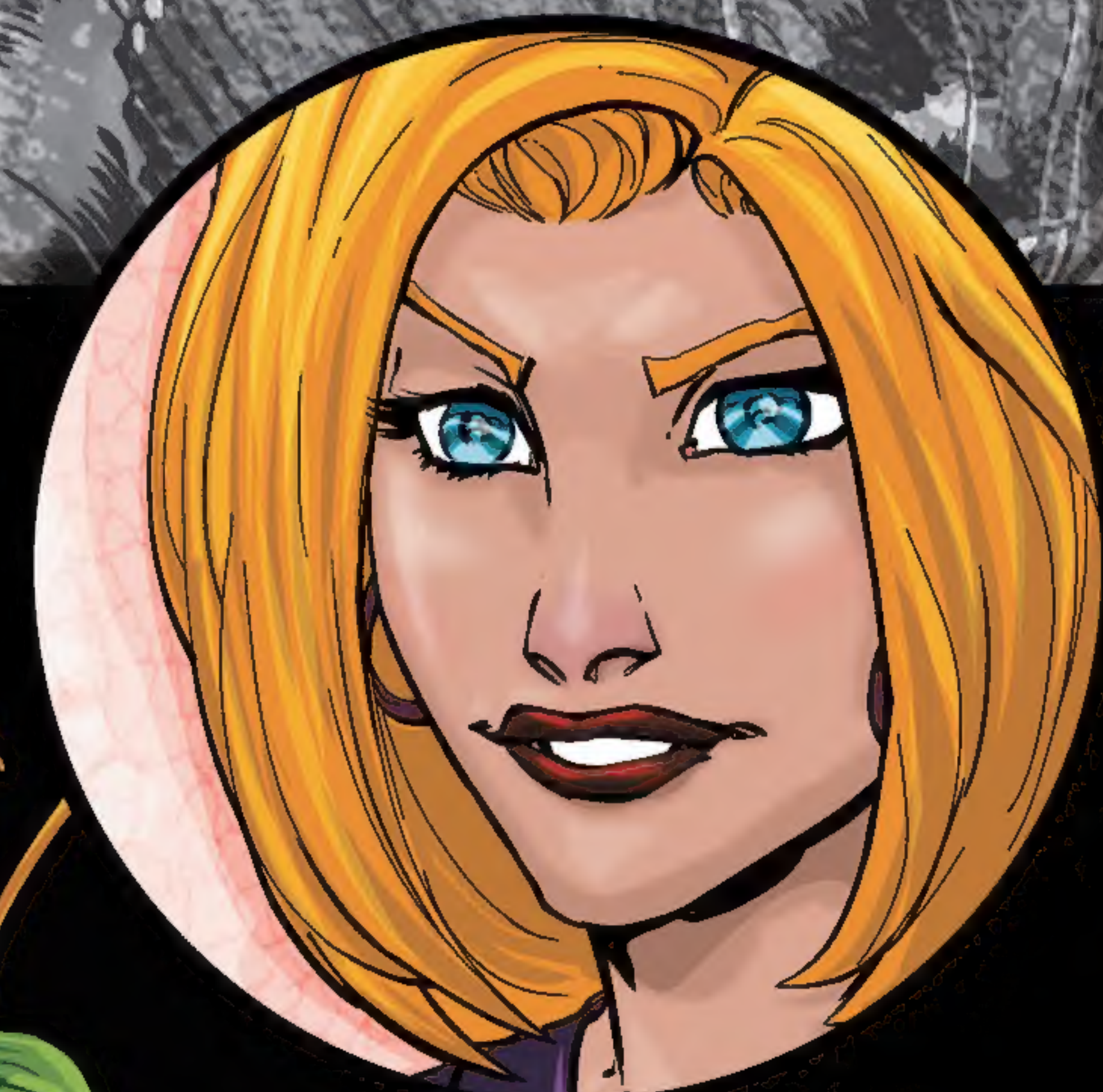
MEANWHILE, GOTHAM
BRACES FOR THE TRIAL OF
EX-COMMISSIONER JIM GORDON!
WHO WILL TAKE HIS PLACE AS
GOTHAM'S TOP COP?

CHANNEL 52
ALSO HAS COVERAGE
OF BATGIRL'S BATTLE
WITH SCORPIANA--

--AND
THE TERRIFYING
RETURN OF
PROFESSOR PYG!

ALL THIS
AND MOR--

ALL THIS AND
CATWOMAN TOO!
STAY TUNED TO
CHANNEL 52!



A**L FELDSTEIN,
1925-2014**

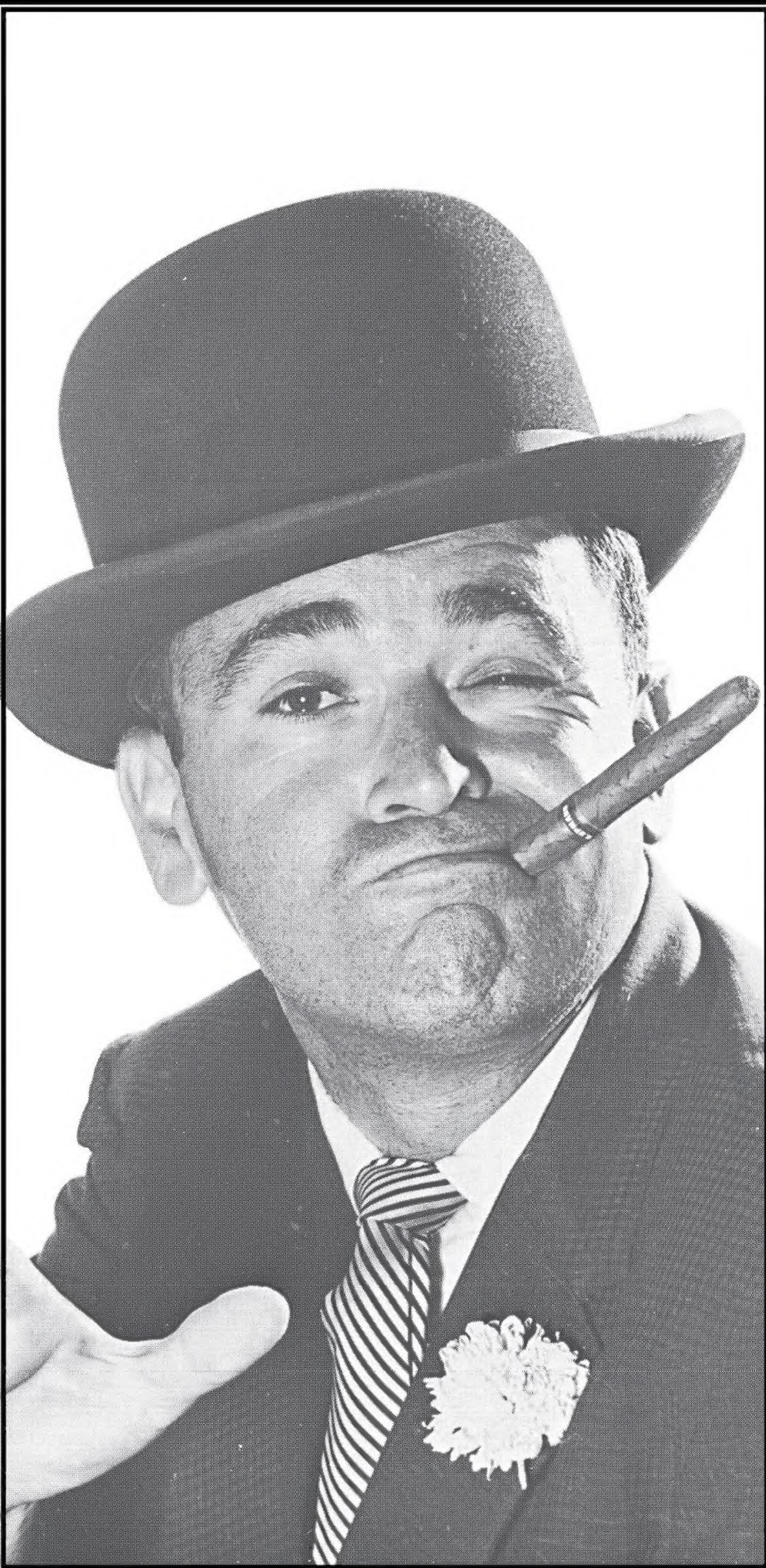
We are saddened to share the news that former MAD Editor Al Feldstein passed away on April 29 at the age of 88. During the nearly three decades that Al oversaw MAD, from 1956 to 1984, he made an immeasurable impact on the magazine that is still felt to this day.

Al started his career in comics as a freelance artist and writer before being hired by E.C. Comics publisher Bill Gaines to edit his horror and suspense comics. Under Gaines, Al created several titles, including Tales from the Crypt and Weird Science and also served as editor on E.C.'s other (less popular!) humor comic, Panic.

In 1956, MAD's founding editor, Harvey Kurtzman, left the magazine and Gaines tapped Al to be the next editor. Since Kurtzman had taken much of MAD's talent pool with him, Al was faced with the task of rebuilding the publication and its roster of contributors. Over the years, Al recruited many of MAD's best-known contributors, including Sergio Aragonés, Antonio Prohias, Jack Davis, Don Martin, Mort Drucker, Norman Mingo and Dave Berg.

With "The Usual Gang of Idiots" in place, the magazine debuted many of its most popular features – many of which still appear today – including Snappy Answers to Stupid Questions, A MAD Look at..., Spy vs. Spy, The Lighter Side and The MAD Fold-In. It was also under Al's watch that Alfred E. Neuman became MAD's official mascot, complete with his "What – Me Worry?" catchphrase. Under Al's leadership, MAD established a new voice, made an undeniable mark on popular culture and achieved unprecedented popularity.

A business-minded editor through and through, Al also pioneered the use of MAD staff members as (unpaid, natch!) models in MAD ads, featuring Al himself. At right – Al as "Carmine, The Ward Heeler" from a 1950s MAD subscription ad.



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